

A tale of three city propositions

W's high hopes go up in smoke

by R. Findley

Passage of Proposition W may please the pro-pot majority, but it has done little to foster the legalization of marijuana in San Francisco.

The proposition, which passed Nov. 7 with a healthy 57 percent majority vote, stated: "We, the people of San Francisco, demand that the district attorney, along with the chief of police, cease the arrest and prosecution of individuals involved in the cultivation, transfer or possession of marijuana."

Prop. W was authored by Dennis Peron, now serving a jail sentence for selling marijuana from a Castro Street house called the Big Top Supermarket. The proposition was backed primarily by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

Proponents acknowledge — to the disappointment of many voters — that the proposition's legal effect here will be weak.

"W is a statement of policy," said Gordon Brownell, western regional coordinator for NORML. "It's not a local ordinance. You can only change the marijuana laws on a state or federal level."

The "statement of policy" asks the San Francisco Board of Supervisors "to call on the police and district attorney to place marijuana law enforcement and prosecution at the lowest level of priorities, something comparable to jay-walking," Brownell said.

Proponents say too much emphasis is placed on capturing marijuana offenders rather than on apprehension and prosecution of violent criminals.

"It's a lot easier and safer to bust somebody who is growing marijuana in

● see PROP W, page 6



SF Mayor George Moscone favors pot legalization but says he is uneasy with demands made in Proposition W. Photo by Lynn Carey.

Rent relief vote: I had it, U didn't

by Kathy Mulady

Embittered proponents of the "Yes on U" campaign claim it was "lies and distortions" by the opposition which led to the defeat of San Francisco's rent control measure Nov. 7.

Others say the proposition was too drastic and needed to be more moderate, like a similar measure that passed easily in Berkeley.

Both measures, Prop. U in San Francisco and Prop. I in Berkeley, called for landlords to roll back rents on residential and commercial units to what they were June 6, 1978, when the Jarvis-Gann Initiative passed in California, slashing property taxes 60 percent.

In San Francisco, had Prop. U passed, landlords would have been required to pass 100 percent of their 1978-79 savings on to tenants in the form of rent rebates.

Although the measure passed easily in the low-income, minority areas of The City, it lost badly in homeowner-dominated districts.

With only \$11,000 on its campaign fund, Prop. U supporters relied on the knowledge that an estimated 70 percent of The City's voters are rent-paying tenants.

"They just didn't turn out to vote," said Rebecca Walker from the League of Women Voters. "Renters are notoriously low on voting. They haven't lived here long, or they don't register to vote."

"We thought it would pass. We had 24,805 names on the "Yes on U" ballot, more than on any other initiative," she said.

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Iranians — no mail from home

by T.L. Vau Dell and Glenn Ow

When he gets to heaven, according to a joke making the rounds on campus, the shah of Iran is asked to stand in the presence of God. "What?" the shah exclaims. "And give him my seat?"

Hossein Kajove laughs loudly, mentioning, "It's even funnier in my country."

His friends back in Teheran, the capital of Iran, have had little to laugh about in recent months. Massive unrest and bloody confrontations have swept through the oil rich Arabic nation, threatening to topple Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi's 37-year-old

monarchy.

Iranians, who constitute one-sixth of the 600 foreign students studying at SF State on visas, have not been wholly untouched by the months of civil strife.

"I haven't received any mail from home in more than two months," a 24-year-old mathematics major said.

When Iran's postal service was curtailed by the government under martial law in September, not only was local news cut off, but also some students' only financial resource: the check from home.

In addition to living expenses, said the math major, Iranians are facing non-resident spring tuition fees as high as \$961.

"I have only a few dollars left," said the student, who like most Iranians interviewed, would not divulge her name.

The problem is compounded, because visa students are not allowed to work full-time, and part-time wages are insufficient. On top of that, most banks in Iran's large cities have either closed or been burned out during the violent street demonstrations.

"Even if the mails suddenly resume," she said, "there is no way for my parents to get their money out."

The situation leaves few alternatives. Some students say they are working to support themselves, in violation of immigration laws. They are faced with

almost certain revocation of their visas if they do not continue school here. "What are they to do?" asked Harry Freeman, director of SF State's International Students Office.

U.S. immigration officials periodically ask Freeman for reports on visa students' progress.

One Iranian, whose father in Teheran manufactures Persian rugs, is working full-time for a local carpet installer. "If my father found out what I was doing," he said, "he'd call me a traitor to the family business."

"I know of other (Iranian) students

● see IRAN, page 6

'Orders from above' run CIA

by John Provost

"There's an impression among some that the CIA is a rogue elephant on the run. This is far from the truth," deputy director of the CIA Frank C. Carlucci said yesterday in a speech before the Commonwealth Club of California.

Carlucci discussed the changing role of the agency, part of which is to shore up public confidence in the CIA. "I'm prepared to concede that we have a credibility problem," he said.

In an apparent reference to CIA covert activities in Cuba and Chile, Carlucci, who is a career officer in the Foreign Service, refused to place blame on the agency.

"In almost every instance (of abuse)," he said, "the CIA's actions were a result of orders from above."

Carlucci said congressional committees found that the CIA was not directly responsible for abuses, that the agency was being responsive to orders from the president and national security adviser.

He said the system of checks on the CIA have been strengthened over the past two years. "If we want to perform a 'special activity,' which used to be called 'covert action,'" Carlucci said, "we have to inform the president, as well as seven congressional

committees."

But he said this has created problems. "The more people who know about an activity," he said, "the more likely it is to become public. Frankly, too many people know about CIA activities."

Carlucci also said the process of informing so many congressional committees is unwieldy, especially since a "special activity" is anything that is not strictly information gathering.

"For instance," he said, "when (Aldo) Moro was kidnapped, the Italian government requested a psychiatrist from us to give some insight into the terrorist mind." Carlucci said the CIA could not provide the psychiatrist because that would be a "special activity."

"So I called up the State Department," he said, "and they sent the psychiatrist."

Carlucci has served in various

● see CIA, page 6

Would you
buy a used car
from this man?

Curator reflects on Mead

by Robin F. Wells

Anthropologist, lecturer, author and social critic Margaret Mead died early yesterday of cancer. She was 76.

Although Mead reportedly had known of her fate for more than a year, she continued to work until Oct. 3, when she entered a New York hospital for what associates called "a rest."

Private funeral services will be held at Buckingham, Pa., while a memorial service will be held at St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University. Times for the services have yet to be confirmed.

The following story is a special to Phoenix by Robin F. Wells, curator of SF State's Treganza Anthropology Museum, located in HLI 114.

Margaret Mead (1901-1978) was the best known American anthro-

polist of her generation. Her books, beginning with "Coming of Age in Samoa" (1928), were frequently best-sellers marked by readability, precise reporting of ethnographic details and a warm concern for the peoples whom she wrote about.

Her technical monographs and papers, such as the "Social Organization of Manu'a," are recognized anthropological classics. Yet she brought her knowledge and anthropological insight out of the confines of the academic world and addressed the American public at large through her monthly column in *Redbook* magazine, contributions to other popular magazines and frequent lecture tours.

Margaret Mead was one of a group of women anthropologists trained under Franz Boas at Columbia University during the 1920s. Her mentor at Columbia, however, was Ruth Benedict. Her indebtedness to and friendship with Benedict is chronicled in Mead's writings such as "An

● see MEAD, page 2

Fear and loathing on the 1978 AS impeachment trail

by Miriam Kaminsky

The room was buzzing with anticipation.

Campus television cameras zoomed in on their prey, who sat flushed and fidgeting in his chair.

Spectators crammed into the small room, leaned against the walls and sat on the floor.

The SF State student government, in all its representative wisdom, was attempting to oust Speaker Steve Rafter just three weeks before the end of his term of office.

The Official Charges

Charges were originally brought against Rafter at last Thursday's meeting when Associated Students (AS) Legislature members Amie Friedman and Karla Hawkinson claimed that Rafter failed to inspire them, succeeded in corrupting them and was generally not a trustworthy character.

Rafter listened in bewilderment to the prepared statement of accusations and shouted, "I want to know what the hell I'm charged with." He concluded, "This is political

bullshit!"

AS President Wayne Lukaris sat in the front row of the audience, interrupting occasionally to read a line from "Roberts Rules of Order" to the legislature.

He was conveniently prepared with the passage that declared Rafter "theoretically under arrest," until the legislature cleared him of charges.

AS Vice President Robin Lynn Cox sat fuming in a back row of the audience. Finally she jumped to her feet and yelled at the legislature, "You're a cold, vicious, back-

stabbing bunch, and you're blaming him (Rafter) for your own inadequacies. I'm ashamed to be Vice President of the AS."

The Real Charges

Rafter has become the "speaker gone astray," as far as Wayne Lukaris is concerned, probably because he has dared oppose Lukaris in two recent major decisions.

First, Rafter was publicly critical of the process that elected Ed Barney chief justice. A special legislature committee

originally recommended Boris Mirsakov be appointed chief justice. But after a closed door meeting, the committee retracted its recommendation, declaring that it was incapable of deciding. Barney, a close friend of Lukaris, subsequently was chosen chief justice.

The chairwoman of the "incapable" committee was Karla Hawkinson, one of two members who brought charges against Rafter.

Secondly, Rafter was one of three AS Board of Directors members who voted against the appointment of Barry Bloom as

general manager of the AS.

Bloom resigned his \$350-a-month position as chief justice in September. In October he was offered the newly created position (salary \$825 a month) of general manager by his friend Lukaris.

Rafter is prevented from voting as a member of the Board of Directors while "theoretically under arrest."

Ironically, the board rejected Bloom Tuesday and offered graduate student Jim Salm the post, newly titled "executive assistant."

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the menu

today 11/16

- You can be a famous poet. Bring those masterpieces of iambic pentameter to the Poetry Center's Student Writers Series. John High and Lynn Spigal start off the readings with an open mike to follow in the Student Union, room B 114-115, at noon.
- "Whish Way Is Up?" starring Richard Pryor will be shown today and Friday, Barbary Coast, 4 and 7:30 p.m. Admission \$1.
- Associated Students Legislature meets in the Student Union, room B 114-115, at 4 p.m.

friday 11/17

- Jeff Sanford Trio in the Student Union Depot, 12:30 p.m. Free.
- A 170-year-old Clementi forte piano and a violoncello from the Frank V. de Bellis Collection will be played by faculty members Laszlo Varga and Karen Rosenak on the sixth floor of the library, at 1 p.m. Featured are selected works of Bach, Beethoven, Boccherini and Clementi. Free.
- Women Against Violence in the Media present a benefit poetry reading featuring Adrienne Rich, Susan Griffin and Nellie Wong at Galileo Junior High School, at 8:30 p.m. Donation \$3.

the weekend

- The SF State Artists' Series presents the Norwegian Oslo Trio, Sunday, McKenna Theater, 3 p.m. Free. The program will include piano trios by Haydn, Schubert and Klaus Egge.

tuesday 11/21

- Boogie with your favorite turkey at the Turkey Trot Dance, Student Union, at 9 p.m. Admission \$1.
- Brown Bag Theater breaks out the fig leaves for its presentation of "Adam and Eve," by Mark Twain, CA 102, at noon. Free.
- Associated Students Board of Directors meets in the Student Union, rooms B 112-113, at 4 p.m.
- SF State Symphonic Band presents a "pops" concert in Knuth Hall, 7 p.m. Free.

wednesday 11/22

- Auditions for "The Ice Wolf," a Children's Touring Theater production, are set for Monday Nov. 27, from 7 to 8:30 p.m. and Tuesday Nov. 28, from 8 to 9:30 p.m., in CA 21. Scripts available in the Creative Arts Office, CA 103.
- Gordon C. Clark will lecture on Christian Science in the Student Union, conference room C, at noon. Free.
- Any on-campus event can receive a virtual media blitz in the menu. Just drop a short description of the event in the menu box, HLL 207, the Friday before publication. Space is limited, so if it doesn't get in, try again and don't make any irate phone calls to the menu editor.

the blue plate special

- John Quinley of the Public Utilities commission will speak on alternative energy sources in California, Tuesday, Nov. 28 at 2160 Lake St. at 7:30 p.m.

Accident victim a student

by Rick Aschieris

SF State student Adonis DeJesus has been identified by the coroner's office as the jogger who was killed last Wednesday. A car traveling an estimated 80 mph went out of control around a curve at Sunset and Lake Merced boulevards and crushed him against a tree on the newly opened Parkmerced parcourse.

The force of the impact decapitated DeJesus, 25, a senior who majored in physical education.

Joseph Surdyka, administrative coroner, said the body was in such poor condition it could not immediately be identified. "Because of the holiday last Friday," Surdyka said, "we didn't receive the missing persons report until Tuesday."

The report filed by DeJesus' wife stated he was going to SF State last Wednesday morning to jog.

"His wife identified the jewelry, clothing and his glasses. We wouldn't let her see the body, of course," Surdyka said.

"We are 99.9 percent sure it was DeJesus," he said. "The final identification will come tomorrow when we get the dental records."

Today only a few traces of the accident remain. The tree is stained with blood, the bark partially torn off. Broken headlight glass shines on the ground where the jogger was crushed.

Joggers on the Parkmerced parcourse had divided opinions on the safety of the parcourse, a jogging exercise facility.

Some joggers interviewed said the

accident was a freak occurrence and were not concerned with the area being a hazard to their own safety. Others are now avoiding the area.

"It's just one of those things, when you jog in The City you have to be aware of traffic — otherwise you die," one jogger said.

Another jogger exercising just a few feet from the scene of last week's gusse accident said: "I've run in this area for years and never felt my safety was jeopardized."

Gisele Bousquet, a jogger from SF State, was concerned with the location of the parcourse. She said the accident could have been avoided had the parcourse route been located farther from Sunset-Lake Merced Boulevard intersection.

"It wouldn't be very hard to move

that part of the course. It's only a few feet from the curve," Bousquet said.

Bousquet pointed toward the intersection and said, "You see. There is nothing at the intersection to slow the traffic down. There are no traffic lights or stop signs at the intersection."

Tire tracks from several cars who had missed the sharp turn were visible across the parcourse path. "It's not the only time a car missed the curve," she said.

The driver of the car that killed DeJesus was injured but survived the collision. Police would not release the name of the driver, who was described as a 16-year-old male and a high school dropout.

He faces charges of felony manslaughter and reckless driving.

from page one

• mead

Anthropologist At Work" and the biography, "Ruth Benedict."

Benedict helped Mead overcome the opposition of Boas and others which enabled her to go to Samoa in 1925 to study child-rearing and adolescence and resulted in her dissertation and first book, "Coming of Age in Samoa." Thereafter, Mead often was in the field to study the native people of the American Plains, New Guinea and Bali. Years later she returned to many of the peoples she had studied in order to document the changes that had occurred in their lives.

The main anthropological problems which Margaret Mead investigated were seemingly diverse but in fact reflected her own experiences and attitudes toward life. Her autobiography, "Blackberry Winter," as well as her prefaces to her older works when they were reissued, make this clear.

Mead grew up in a close-knit family and chose to try to understand how

families work in other parts of the world. Child-rearing and adolescence were major topics she investigated elsewhere and then brought home to help others understand American culture, as in "Culture and Commitment" in which she interpreted the 1960s and 1970s "generation gap."

The role of culture in determining sex roles was an ethnographic area which she pioneered. Her mother had been a college-educated woman whom convention dictated should stay home with the children, and Margaret Mead herself had to flout American sex role conventions throughout her early professional life.

Her studies in New Guinea, Bali and America convinced her that the ascribed sex roles by which she had been reared were learned and not determined by biology. The facts to support this argument were presented in books such as "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies" and in "Male and Female."

Finally, Margaret Mead believed that the study of other peoples permitted us to understand ourselves. Samoan adolescence, for example, did not support 1920s assumptions about

the universality of adolescent rebellion. Sex roles were likewise a product of culture.

Margaret Mead, then, was an anthropological innovator who turned the attention of the profession to a series of new problems concerning human nature and how it is shaped. Her methods were likewise novel.

Unlike many of her predecessors, she obtained extensive biographic information from her informants and incorporated photographic records into her work as sources of data rather than as incidental illustrations. Her ethnographic generalizations were always based on firm quantitative samples, although, except in "The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe," she rarely allowed statistics to obtrude into her writing.

Margaret Mead's influence on anthropology as expressed in her writings will not be lost. But the personal touch of a smile, a kind word, a conversation, advice on field work or help with understanding one's own data, which she gave freely to students and colleagues over the past 50 years, will be sorely missed.

• as

At the trial, the legislature sat in a semicircle while Rafter sat facing them in the audience. Accusations were repeated, refutations made and discussion called for.

However, most legislature members already had made their decision on the issue.

No matter, the meeting provided a pre-election catharsis that none could afford to miss — least of all Lukaris, who issued the edict, "This is political, but you live by politics; you die by politics!"

It took three ballots before the vote was official. Five favored ousting Rafter, four voted that he remain in office, and three members abstained. Because a two-thirds majority was needed, Rafter was acquitted.

One student who came to watch his AS government in action rose to tell the legislature, "I feel like the child watching the emperor walk down the street without his clothes."

The countdown begins. The Dec. 4-6 AS elections are only 18 days away.

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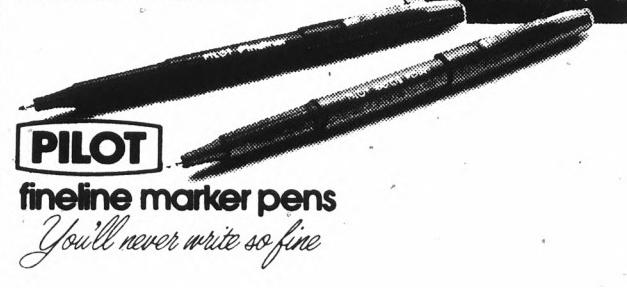
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Broadway will be crowded Saturday night with protesters against the type of pornography in newspaper ads (right) and on Broadway.

Women scorn media porn

This Saturday night the garish lights of Broadway will shine on a feminist march protesting violence and repression against women.

More than a thousand women, clutching candles, flashlights and homemade signs, are expected to participate en masse in the San Francisco protest, which will begin at 7:30 p.m.

Modeled after recent "reclaim the night" demonstrations by women in England and Italy, Bay Area feminists have chosen Broadway as a symbol and source of problems facing women.

Sponsoring the event is the 500-member Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM).

"Women are afraid to walk alone at night," said Beth Goldberg of WAVPM. "We hope, by marching, to raise people's consciousness and call attention to the plight of women in

our society."

The march, called "Take Back the Night," has been planned for more than a year and is endorsed by La Casa de Las Madres — the local refuge for battered wives — and the National Organization for Women (NOW).

Mayor George Moscone is expected tomorrow to proclaim Saturday "Take Back the Night Day" in honor of the march. San Francisco Supervisors Harvey Milk and Carol Ruth Silver also support the demonstration.

The women will take to the sidewalks starting with an "exhortation to march" at Galileo High School and proceeding, candles in hand, down Francisco Street to Columbus Avenue and then Broadway — "pornography strip," as Goldberg called it.

WAVPM members oppose pornography depicting brutality against women because they feel such images contribute to real crime. The march is the highlight of a three-day conference this weekend on feminist perspectives on pornography, organized by WAVPM, at Galileo High School.

Laura Lederer, a WAVPM organizer, said the issues to be discussed at the conference are freedom of speech and press vs. pornography.

"We want to define pornography from a woman's perspective. We make a distinction between erotica, which we don't object to, and pornography."

The group is opposed to the U.S. Commission on Obscenity and Pornography finding of 1970 that pornography was socially harmless.

Irene Diamond of Purdue University will lead a workshop exposing the flaws of much of the research on

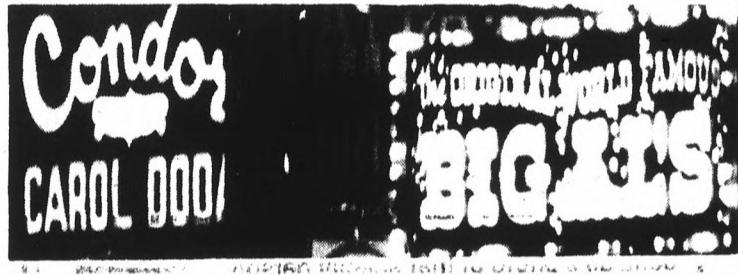
which such conclusions have been based." She will also discuss some political coalitions which might be formed to fight pornography.

Lederer said the conference is not aligned with or supported by those who oppose pornography on strictly moralistic grounds.

"We're careful to separate ourselves from what the right-wing is about. They're mostly anti-sex, anti-body. We're in favor of human sexuality," she said.

The conference is attracting feminists from around the country. Among the participants will be Susan Brownmiller, author of "Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape," and Andrea Dworkin, author of "Woman-hating" and "Our Blood."

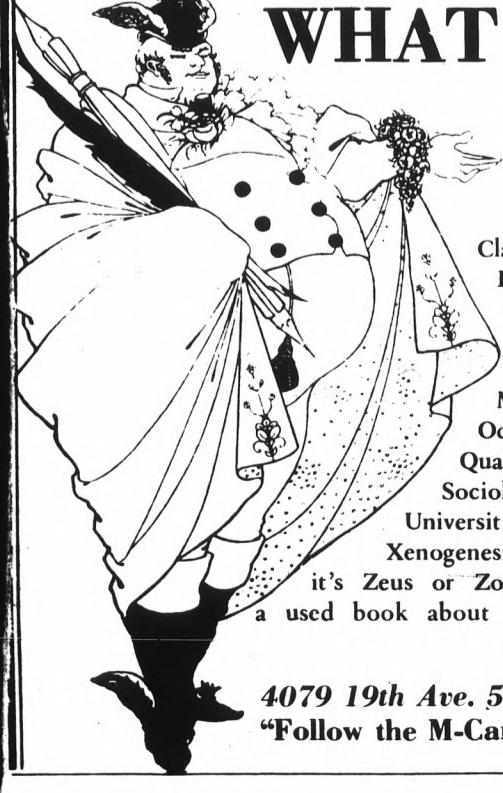
Photos by Lynn Carey



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letters

CARP defended

Editor:

I am writing to you in response to the articles which you published about CARP in the Oct. 26 issue. I am a freshman at SF State and have been in contact with CARP. I am not a member of CARP, but I attend their lunch, dinner, and movie programs regularly.

During the time that I have known them, I have found the CARP members to be warm, generous, intelligent, concerned, and responsible people. The article about the weekend workshop presents CARP members as being 'brainwashed' nonentities. This is ridiculous, they are just people with some common beliefs who are trying to do something about making our world a better place. I think of each of them as my friend.

If your reporters feel that caring about people and having a human interest in changing all the bad things that are going on in the world is 'subversive' or evil, then their ethics and personalities should be questioned, not CARP's. Stephen Lewis' opinions in his article were so foolish that they would have been laughable were it not for the many damaging lies also in the article. Lewis' article is also laced with insidious suggestions that have no basis in fact but attempt to give readers a false impression that there are dark and wicked things going on within CARP. From the article it is

obvious that he had no intention of writing an honest, factual report, but to write a slanderous piece of worthless innuendo. He tells nothing of the beliefs practised at CARP, only makes vague references to the Divine Principle, leaving it to appear as some sort of Satanic doctrine.

If Lewis wishes to make a name for himself by writing sensationalist articles, then let him slander something that deserves criticism. The article by Ken Garcia was simply a horrible collection of lies and is not even worth trying to discuss intelligently. That these articles can be published on a University, which is supposed to be made up of the best minds of our society, is an obvious example of the need for a change in our way of life, the kind that CARP is working to bring about.

The people who write these articles are writing because of blind fear of something that is new and different to them, instead of looking at CARP's ideas rationally, they just attack them. As for the Opinion section; what do you think Sun Myung Moon is, the antichrist? How do you think he hides his horns and keeps people from noticing that he doesn't have a reflection when he looks in a mirror! The cartoon was in poor taste, it is ridiculous to suggest that CARP members are involved in the physical abduction of people. The article was not properly researched to make the statements that it did.

All of these issues are a disgrace to the *Phoenix* and to San Francisco State. I suggest that you learn some *real* facts about CARP and print an

extensive apology as soon as possible. Until that time you have lost one reader.

Sven Jorgensen

...and again

Editor:

Let me preface this letter by noting: 1) I am categorized as an atheist/agnostic with socialist politics, 2) I dislike being evangelized by anyone, be they the *Phoenix* or a Moonie, and 3) I have no intention of joining any aspect of Reverend Moon's following.

This understood, I want to comment on your recent coverage of CARP. In your attempt to journalize CARP's affiliation with Reverend Sun Myung Moon, you carelessly assume the editorial position of advocating student and faculty refusal of the group's bid to achieve on-campus status. That constitutes bigoted, subjective journalism on your part. By trying to exclude CARP from campus politics, you attempt to effectively deny them freedom of speech and freedom to pursue the religion of their choice.

Healthy journalism attempts to present but not to affect. Keep that in mind next time you sit down to write.

Charles W. Haynes
Grad Student

...once more

Editor:

I am proudly a member of CARP, the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles. I think it is too bad that your hearts are not big enough to actually know the love and commitment we have to building a better world.

In regard to the *Phoenix* articles, I would like to share a few things that your reporter failed to include in his biased story. He asked me why I joined CARP and I told him two things: 1) I loved the people very much, and I was welcomed into their dwelling as if it was my own home (their life-style being a reflection of the teaching of Rev. Moon), and 2) I said to him, "A person has a choice when confronted with a new and developing community - either to complain about the way things are, or actively participate in making them better."

It's quite easy to be arrogant and apathetic about the world and each other. Because some people have a desire to do goodness, seek happiness and establish a harmonious world of loving, responsible people, I don't think you are just in persecuting CARP. If you're perfectly loving, open and honest deep down in your heart, I await the day you will see, I am your sister and want to build a better world for you and me.

Anne Haynes



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DOLBY STEREO
PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

A Fantasy Film
Presentation
United Artists
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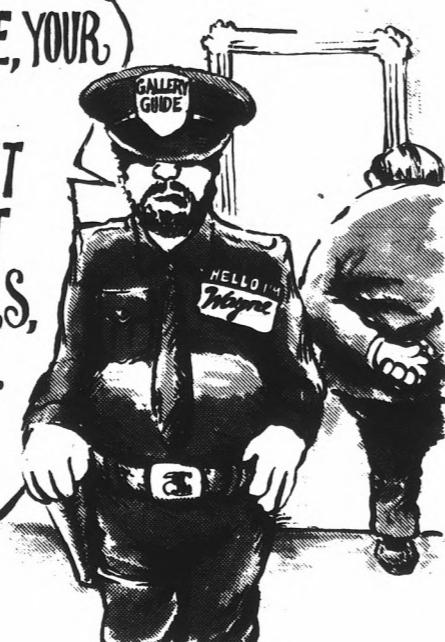
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FAIRY RECORDS AND TAPES

opinion—

GOOD AFTERNOON. I'M WAYNE, YOUR TOUR GUIDE... NO, MA'AM, THE AS HAS MOVED... BASEMENT LEVEL, STRAIGHT AHEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, 3RD STALL ON THE RIGHT... ME? WELL... IT'S A JOB.

COMBS 1978 PHOENIX SFSU



Turn the circus into an art show

Something is dreadfully out of whack when students in one of the strongest Creative Arts schools in the CSUC system are forced to showcase their professional talent in a phone booth.

But this is the case at SF State. We are the only campus in the system — and in this area — that doesn't have an art gallery.

The university administration has been aware of the situation since 1973. Creative Arts faculty have recently petitioned the Academic Senate to put pressure on the administration to remedy the matter, which they said would "take into advisement."

We realize that the administration and the Academic Senate have been under a strain lately with Proposition 6 dangling over their collective heads. But now that the "No on 6" bandwagon has been retired from active service, we think it is due time that they acted.

An art gallery would add, at least, a terrific aesthetic value to the campus. But there is also an academic priority that has been virtually ignored. Creative Arts graduate students must

produce a show of their work as part of their master's program. Without adequate space, this requirement is impossible to meet.

We think the perfect place for an art gallery is on the mezzanine of the Student Union — the portion which is currently occupied by the Associated Students. In light of the small voter turnout in recent AS elections and the lack of active student support for any AS administration, it is quite clear that this space has been misallocated.

A few years back, the students at the University of Southern California dissolved their AS and eventually used the vacated space for a fine art gallery. Of course, dissolution of the AS is a drastic measure. It would require much less effort on the part of students and university administrators if the AS were simply moved into a space that is more commensurate with their importance to the students of SF State.

Perhaps a trade could be arranged. What better place for the political Gong Show that the AS has been putting on lately than a phone booth?

letters

Spoils logic

Editor:

The AS President, Wayne Lukaris, has come under some criticism over the question of appointing his friends to office.

I would like to make a point to those who would criticize. There is nothing wrong with appointing one's friends to high positions. After all, whom do we know more than our friends? Whom do we trust more than our friends? Whom do we owe more favors to than our friends? Who else can do us similar favors when we're down but our friends? It's only logical.

Jeff Smallwood

He was pushed

Editor:

Regarding your article, "Hayakawa Drops By," (Phoenix, Nov. 9) you have accepted without question the official version surrounding Hayakawa's removal from office. You are making an extraordinary misrepresentation to your readers when you say Hayakawa resigned as President of SF State without mentioning the concatenation of circumstances which led to his removal.

In March, 1972, the Black Students' Union filed suit charging former Gov. Reagan, S. I. Hayakawa et al., with conspiracy, blacklisting, and violations of the 1st, 5th and 14th Amendments. On May 10, 1972, BSU called a poorly attended press conference and demanded the trustees remove S. I. Hayakawa.

Others attempting to secure Hayakawa's removal were Dr. Richard

Axon and members of the Presidential Selection Committee. But Chancellor Dumke made it clear that S. I. Hayakawa was not going to be forced to resign since he was a folk hero.

Hayakawa issued a statement to the press, saying that talk about his resignation for the Fall semester was mere nonsense and "wishful thinking by someone."

On September 15, 1972, the BSU moved for a preliminary injunction which, if successful, would have placed S. I. Hayakawa on the front pages with a big scandal. The motion for a preliminary injunction was heard before Judge Sweighert, who would have to decide whether to issue an order enjoining S. I. Hayakawa from the use of blacklists.

While the matter was under submission, I received a call from the Court clerk, notifying me that S. I. Hayakawa's resignation was being timely coordinated from Judge Sweighert's chambers. The judge was giving the Chancellor 30 days to ditch Hayakawa.

An item appeared in Herb Caen's column provoking speculation that Hayakawa was about to resign. The lie Reagan and Dumke were concocting for the public was that Hayakawa had reached retirement age, but the truth of the matter is that he had reached retirement age several years before, which they had waived. Hayakawa had been summoned to a meeting of the trustees to discuss his resignation, but the Chancellor did not want such a meeting to take place as it would be highly publicized.

Through diplomatic channels, Hayakawa bowed out on the morning of October 13, 1972, and on that same afternoon Judge Sweighert denied the

injunction. When speculation commenced that the students on the blacklists were getting "foul play" from the federal bench instead of "fair play," Reagan and Dumke decided to dispel the rumor by making S. I. Hayakawa President Emeritus. Emeritus means honorable; the strategy was designed to give the public the false impression that S. I. Hayakawa had resigned under honorable circumstances. But the Chairman of the Trustees, Mr. Wente, would later admit to Dr. Axon that Hayakawa was compelled to resign.

Charles Jackson
Black Students' Union

Harassed

Editor:

It was just a typical Friday night, so I thought, until I walked into my Verducci Hall suite around 7 p.m., followed by the residence night manager and a campus policeman. As I opened the door, they asked to speak with my suitemate. I overheard the officer say, "It was all a mistake, just forget about everything."

When they left, I asked her what happened. I could see she was quite distressed. She explained that she had just been harassed and accused of throwing a waterballoon over our balcony. The fact that this student is a serious-minded economics grad and afraid of heights made this situation quite unbelievable.

Evidently there exists a campus policeman whose theatrical and highly unprofessional tactics are synonymous with something out of "Dragnet!" The facts are as follows:

6:30 p.m. I heard a loud banging on the door. I was in the bathroom so it took a few minutes to answer. Looking through the peephole, I saw an unfamiliar man in front and a man standing off to the side. I was afraid and chain-locked the door. I went to my room to dress and heard a stern voice say, "Open up, university police!"

I looked again through the peephole and saw a walkie-talkie and part of a badge. I opened the door and asked what was wrong. The policeman said, "Waterballoons," and walked in with another man. Already halfway in the suite heading for the balcony, the officer asks if I would mind if he looks around. Now that my privacy had been initially invaded, I was subjected

ALLAN BOLTE

A guide for the adviceless

Many college students are ignorant about choosing their courses. An 18- or 19-year-old attending SF State should not be sold a catalog and told to simply select courses. Chances are he or she will not make the right choices.

Last year, out of approximately 21,000 students, only 2,500 made individual appointments to see a counselor. Why? The remaining 18,500 either don't want to bother or are assuming they know precisely what is required to graduate.

Too many students approach graduation time only to realize they haven't taken all the necessary courses in general education or their major.

Also, many students may take courses that are not required by the school. This wasted time and a possible low grade is the result of mistakenly choosing a course in which they have no interest.

How many times have you heard a classmate say, "I thought I had to take this history class! If I had known it wasn't required, I would have taken something else

JIM GIBBONS

Finding a spot for trivia

The little kids on my block have been asking me about L. M. Boyd, who writes the "Grab Bag" column every Sunday for the *San Francisco Examiner-Chronicle*. The column is always full of exotic wisps such as "All Canaries Hate Crows." The little kids have been bitterly let down, however, because I know nothing about L. M. Boyd — nothing at all.

But I do remember someone who wrote a very similar column for the *Antioch, Calif. Dispatch-Communicator*. I don't know that this reporter is like L. M. Boyd or not, but I satisfied the kids by telling them about him.

Poppa (Larry) Wringdon was his name. Wringdon wasn't really the right sort of person for journalism. He was unpredictable, preoccupied, unable to handle reality, and deeply sensitive. He wrote poetry, that's how sensitive he was. (The only poem of his that I remember went like this: "Jerk in a Dodge! Jerk in a Dodge!")

If Wringdon was so unsuited for newsmongering, then how did he get into the business? Realizing that he was a shiftless young man, he began to cast about for some way to make a living. The drinking habits of journalists had become known to him. He liked to smoke a bowl of opium now and then himself.

The prospect of working with

drunks appealed to Wringdon for it seemed like the only setting he could feel comfortable in. Yes, he thought, journalism is for me.

Thus determined, he set out for the *Dispatch-Communicator* office, determined to bluff his way into a newspaper job.

Wringdon managed to get inside the office of the editor, Carl Baschom. Baschom, who had inherited the paper from his father, was nervous, slight, and as young as Wringdon.

Wringdon stood before Baschom. "I've got the story," said Wringdon.

"What story?" asked the young editor, nervously. "The news story, the one guaranteed to make page one all over," replied Wringdon. "Isle of Man resident bites Italian Dog."

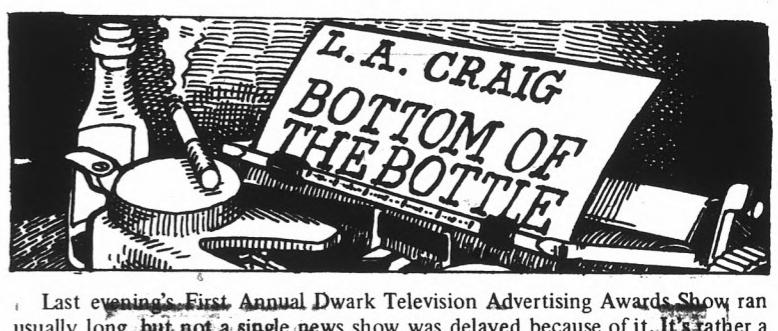
Baschom's mouth stayed shut as he tried to interpret the words. He failed,

so he made this offer to Wringdon: "The office on the right on the end is yours."

How did Wringdon start doing the Grab Bag-type format? Every morning, when Wringdon came to work, he would sneak off to the bathroom and smoke a bowl of opium. Returning to his desk, he would begin tapping at the typewriter. What flowed would be invariably like this: "Few people know that muskrats love the scent of roses; even fewer know that, in the Paleolithic Age, muskrats originally were rosehip plants."

And so, Wringdon's stuff was allowed to be put in the paper.

Nobody on the *Dispatch-Communicator* quite knew what to do with Wringdon's material, so they invented a column especially for him, called the "Party Favor."



Last evening's First Annual Dwerk Television Advertising Awards Show ran usually long, but not a single news show was delayed because of it. It's rather a shame, too, because they saved all the best awards for the last half-hour, which was preempted.

Here's what you missed:

Alka Seltzer plopped and fizzed its way to a Dwerk for Body Language That

Most Makes You Need the Product. Ohhh, my stomach . . .

The Most Socially Relevant Underlying Plot Dwerk went to that phone company spot about the college kid who spends his last 85 cents to call his dad for more. It seems the old man refused, and the kid had to work in the dining hall to pay for crib sheets and his pregnant girlfriend's drug habit.

The Wait A Minute I Can't See The Cue Card award for the greatest uncertainty by satisfied customer went to the one where the woman can't decide that her Datsun has . . . uh, uh . . . fluidity.

The Newcomer With The Best Shot At Getting His/Her Face Punched If Recognized On The Street award was won by Terry McGovern for every commercial he's ever made. You could say that McGovern's commercials are the Dwerkies.

The award for Greatest Variance With Reality was a tie between all the service stations that promise deluxe service from eager, professional attendants.

* * * *

Professional sports figures played a large part in television advertising this past year. And it reflected in the voting.

The Move The Cancer From Your Lung To Your Tongue award went to the Copenhagen commercial with ex-football wildman Walt "I don't smoke" Garrison. The Joe Frazier spot for Lite Beer won a Dwerk for the commercial that Most Makes You Want To Smash Your Set With A Sledgehammer When You Hear The Music.

Though there were few commercials this season that evoked human emotion, four special Dworks were awarded in that area.

John Wayne got the Vague Confessions award for admitting "I might done some things I might not be too proud of . . ."

The McCulloch Chain Saw commercial got it tails down for Flagrant Cuteness By Beavers. The beavers were on location in Canada, so the award was accepted by the Quantas Kualal, who tried to eat it and wizzed on the stage. But he was pretty nervous.

A special Creative Sadism In Scheduling Dwerk went to the Winchell's donut commercials that are always aired after the Winchell's places are closed.

And Eveready Batteries got the Brings Out The Brawler In You award for the one where Robert Conrad says, "Go ahead. I dare you."

Heh, heh . . . POW!

PHOENIX

Phoenix is a laboratory news-paper published each Thursday during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. Opinions of the *Phoenix* editorial board are expressed in the unsigned editorial.

Letters from *Phoenix* readers will be printed on the basis of available space and must be signed by the author.

Editorials do not necessarily reflect the policies and opinions of the Department of Journalism or the university administration.

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TIMELESS QUOTES

Things are more like they are now than they ever were before.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Ken Kesey

A good escape almost makes up for the fucking bust.

John Wayne

... I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me.

R. J. Hall

from page one

• prop W

their backyard then to go after armed robbers and really dangerous criminals," Brownell said.

SF District Attorney Joseph Freitas said the Board of Supervisors won't ask for lowered priorities.

"The board has no power to ask any person who has taken an oath to uphold the law, to turn his or her back completely on a law that is on the books," he said.

Even as Freitas spoke, Supervisor Harvey Milk was preparing a resolution to bring before the board.

Milk's assistant, Dick Padich, said, "It calls on the chief of police and the district attorney to assign their low priority to the enforcement of marijuana laws. It calls on the San Francisco delegation in the state Legislature to begin to work for the decriminalization of marijuana offenses."

The resolution, introduced at Tuesday's board meeting, is a non-binding one "indicating to the chief of police that they agree with the will of the people as noted in Prop. W," according to Diane Feinstein's assistant, Peter Nardoza.

The City charter is clear, Nardoza said. "It states that the Board of Supervisors cannot interfere with an operation not under its jurisdiction, which the police department is not."

"In no way would Police Chief Charles Gain and District Attorney Freitas have to respond to the Board of Supervisors' resolution," he said.

Supporters of Prop. W maintain police and the DA are not being asked to ignore state and federal laws, but merely to reconsider their priorities in arrests and convictions.

"They could place it at the lowest level of priority without violating state laws," said Brownell.

Police Chief Gain said present law enforcement priorities will continue as usual despite passage of Prop. W.

A portion of a memo sent last week by Gain to police precincts reads:

... police personnel should continue the appropriate enforcement of laws pertaining to marijuana. In accordance with present practice, arrests should be made for violations relating to the cultivation or transferring (sale) of marijuana as such crimes are felony offenses.

The unlawful possession of marijuana (for personal use) is a misdemeanor and police officers should, as has been the practice, exercise discretion as to effecting arrests or issuing citations when violations occur: citations should be issued whenever appropriate in lieu of physical arrest."

Last week, the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported police statistics for marijuana arrests this year from January to September: 824 arrests for possession, 92 for selling, six for cultivating.

"Those 824 arrests cover individuals who were merely cited and released for possession of less than an ounce," said Brownell. "Those are not individuals who were taken into custody and booked in jail. That's likely what it was as far as the sales offenses go."

Said Freitas: "99 percent of the resources of this office goes to prosecute people who commit violent crimes and consumer fraud, and that priority is going to remain."

"Marijuana citations are like traffic tickets," he added.

Possession of less than an ounce of pot became a misdemeanor in January 1977 under state law. Though offenders are not taken into custody and booked, the citation differs from traffic tickets in that it is still registered as an arrest.

All misdemeanor marijuana records are destroyed two years following the arrest and/or conviction in compliance with the Moscone Law (SB 95).

San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, author of SB 95 when he was a state senator in 1972, said marijuana offenses do have a very low priority with the police department and the DA's office.

When he took office, he said, "I made it clear to the police department that this City is more concerned about

its personal well-being and safety. So consequently, its priorities ought to be adjusted accordingly."

"I am somewhat surprised that the shah joke, said he is no longer subject to visa violations because he recently married an American. His marriage allows him to remain here indefinitely. Yet, unlike many of his fellow Iranians, he plans to return to his homeland next year."

"There are plenty of jobs" in his native country, he notes. Wages there are another matter. Kajove is particularly vexed with the distribution of wealth.

"The shah," he said, "is fabulously wealthy. Those around him are rich, and everyone else is poor."

with only a trace of an accent.

Stressing that his motives were genuine, Hossein Kajove, who told the shah joke, said he is no longer subject to visa violations because he recently married an American. His marriage allows him to remain here indefinitely. Yet, unlike many of his fellow Iranians, he plans to return to his homeland next year.

"There are plenty of jobs" in his native country, he notes. Wages there are another matter. Kajove is particularly vexed with the distribution of wealth.

"The shah," he said, "is fabulously wealthy. Those around him are rich, and everyone else is poor."

"The earlier measures were all charter amendments. This is a city ordinance. It isn't government-controlled, it's more of an agreement between tenants and landlords," Mundstock said.

"Another good feature of the proposal is that it is limited to one year and exempts owner-occupied rentals with four units or less."

Marty Schifflauer, co-author of the Berkeley measure, said there were several reasons why it passed this time.

"It wasn't rent control, even though landlords claimed it was. There is no rent control board. Landlords are free to raise rents if they are able to document the increases."

Said Schifflauer: "There was a better turnout for this election. Tenants are usually disenfranchised by registration laws and a feeling that it doesn't matter if they vote."

"Control" has become a controversial word since it led to a court rejection of a 1972 Berkeley measure, which was later invalidated by the state Supreme Court, and a voter rejection in 1977 of another Berkeley measure.

Davis said the committee is threatening legal action to challenge the wording of the measure as "rent control" in the handbook and on the ballot. He doesn't think there is much chance of getting another vote on the measure, but says the issue should be raised. Davis believes the wording alone was a major reason for Prop. U's defeat.

He said he was thankful for Berkeley Mayor Warren Widener's introduction of the more drastic measure J, calling for landlords to pass on 100 percent of these Prop. 13 tax savings, as opposed to 10 percent rebate instead of the 100 percent.

measure should have been moderated, regulated by what you know you can get passed."

Mike Davis agreed that by exempting small landlords, they might have picked up a few votes, but he thinks that wasn't a major factor in U's defeat. Davis thought Berkeley's rent control measure was lacking a "just cause of eviction" clause.

"It is left up to the tenants to enforce the proposal," Davis said. "Landlords will be able to require any rent rate, unless tenants threaten to take them to court. Prop. U is more specific on that point."

• prop u

Mike Davis, coordinator of the "Yes on U" campaign, said the opposition deliberately distorted the issue to frighten away supporters.

"The anti-U forces spent over \$350,000 on polls, mailings and a survey to find out what worried people most about the measure," Davis said. "They expanded on those fears."

"It was a lie and distortion campaign. They bought the election," he charged.

Proponents of Prop. U are also bitter about the way the measure was worded in the voter's handbook, which stated a "yes" vote would mean rent control.

The priorities are arranged that way, Hendrix said, because "you only get pills in a very small quantity."

"We come across marijuana arrests in our normal duties. If we run into it, fine. If we don't, we don't go looking for it. We have enough other things to do."

• iran

working in garages and gas stations, said the slim, dark man who spoke

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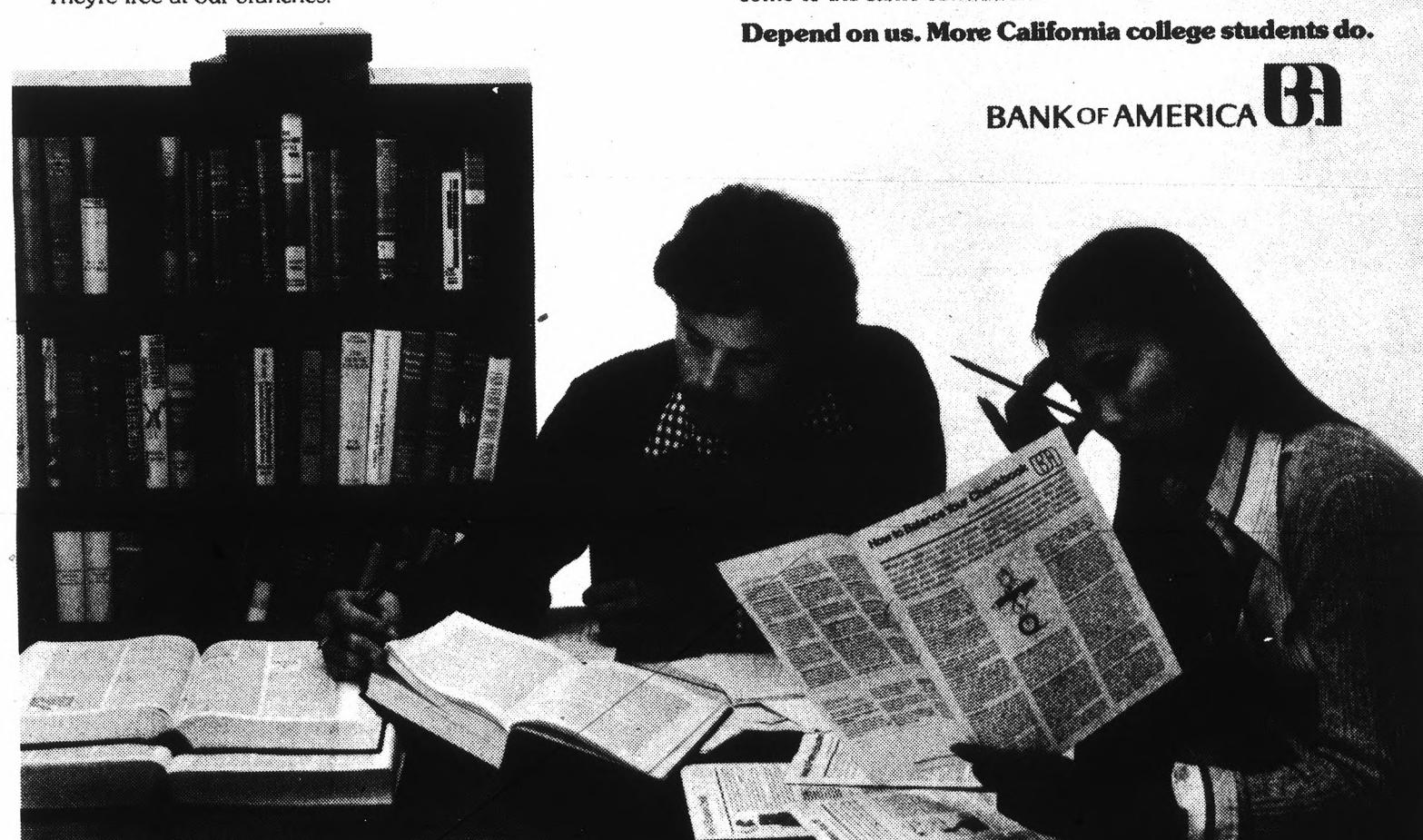
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Field is his name: polling's his game

by Paul Steinmetz

Before an election, pollster Mervin Field is carefully objective in his questioning and in his public statements. After the vote, however, Field lets his hair down.

Last Monday he told an audience of about 50 SF State students and faculty what he thought of Proposition 6, the initiative which would have, among other things, prohibited gays from teaching in public schools.

"There's no doubt in my mind that, according to our research, the public doesn't want homosexual teachers," said Field. "But when it got down to anti-homosexuality against civil rights' being encroached, the good side won. The public saw it as unfair. That's what is comforting."

Field had this to say about various other election issues:

* Rose Bird: "The 52-48 percent vote in her favor should not be greeted by people that the system is saved," said Field. "Anti-judiciary feeling is much stronger than the vote indicated."

"There were actually very few paid ads against her. They didn't go after Rose Bird; they just talked about going after her. But there was a big reaction (especially among the media) to the threat of negative advertising."

"If we had seen straightforward ads that tapped the anti-judiciary feeling — adds that weren't vicious or sexist — I think she'd have been defeated. Any kind of straightforward, clean campaign against the judiciary will succeed."

* The attorney general race: Members of the audience suggested Yvonne Brathwaite Burke lost to George Deukmejian because voters discriminate against black politicians. Field, however, said race was not a factor.

"The public views the attorney general as the top police officer in the state. There was some doubt



POLLSTER MERVIN FIELD

(among voters) whether any woman, black or white, could do the job."

* Effects of Proposition 13: The Prop. 13 virus or spirit — wherever your passions lie — is still very strong," said Field. "Listen to Jerry Brown. He has incredible political antennae. He senses the public mood not only here, but across the land. He will be very frugal.

"I think (tax cuts) will be a big issue in 1980."

* Non-voters: Traditionally, the young, the poor and minority groups do not vote. "The reason is very simple," said Field. "It is not a familiar habit pattern (for these groups)."

Midwifery rebirth Saturday

by Gene Zbikowski

"The hospital scene at birth can be pretty gruesome," said Linda Harrison of the California Association of Midwives.

She was explaining why her group, together with the SF State Nursing Students Union, is sponsoring a program on campus Saturday to explain alternatives to hospital birth.

"Very often," Harrison said, "the woman does not know any of the doctors there (in the hospital). She is in a strange environment, one which most of us associate with fear and pain, so she feels fear and pain."

This way of giving birth, the way of our parents, is being challenged as a result of "a whole general movement in the health care profession," Harrison said. "People are being turned off to doctors."

This movement received added impetus in the field of childbirth from the Lamaze method. By emphasizing exercise and breathing, the Lamaze method does away with anesthesia in most cases.

Harrison said doctors were pleased because fewer children were born with respiratory problems and there were fewer complications in the women, too. But, she said, conscious, un-drugged women are also more sensitive

to the whole hospital scene.

In contrast to what Harrison called the callousness and routine of hospital delivery, she said home birth can be a sacred and solemn event in family life. "About 90 to 95 percent of births are problem free," Harrison said.

The underlying trend is to put birth in perspective as neither an illness for the woman nor a traumatic event for the baby, she said.

"A lot of people want to have babies at home, but few doctors will

deliver a baby at home," Harrison said. The only alternative is a certified nurse-midwife, of whom there are few in the state. That, or else the family can seek a lay midwife.

Practicing midwifery is not illegal in California if the midwife is licensed, Harrison said. The problem is there no longer exists a licensing board in the state.

The program at SF State Saturday will not only explain home birth, but

also raise money for the Midwives' Association Defense Fund, she said. The program was originally planned to raise funds for the defense of Maryanne Doshi, a San Luis Obispo midwife accused of murder last July when a home birth failed.

Doshi was acquitted Oct. 20, so money raised by the program will go instead into a defense fund for the association's 200 members, Harrison said.

Regarding legal restrictions on home birth, Harrison said, "There seems to be some attitude that midwives are creating a market. This is not true."

"Midwives are not creating home births, home births are creating midwives."

"You have to realize," she said, "a lot of women in the world have their babies at home. It's a fairly new thing in human history for women to have babies in a hospital."

The program will begin at 11:30 a.m. Saturday in the Barbary Coast Room of the Student Union. It includes a panel discussion with Dr. Lewis Mehl, Cary Fisher, a woman who gave birth to her first child in a hospital and to her second at home, and midwives from San Francisco and Berkeley.

It also features the film "Five Women, Five Births" by Susan Arms, who is also the author of a book on hospital birth, "Immaculate Conception." Admission is \$2.

Suspect arraigned in campus car theft

A suspect apprehended by campus police after a car theft and high-speed chase on Nov. 6 pleaded not guilty at his arraignment in San Francisco Municipal Court last Thursday.

James M. Conway, an 18-year-old San Bruno man, faced charges of reckless driving, hit-and-run and robbery. Another suspect escaped capture.

Conway originally had been charged with attempted kidnapping, armed robbery, auto theft, hit-and-run and resisting arrest when he was booked into San Francisco City Prison.

"We dropped the auto theft

because, with a conviction, we can get a longer sentence with the robbery charge," said Assistant District Attorney Byron Wong.

Auto theft sentences range from 16 months to three years, as compared to robbery sentences which range from two to four years.

The stolen car was a 1978 BMW 320i, valued at \$11,000.

Conway will face a preliminary hearing on Nov. 24 and is being represented by Harriet Ross, a San Francisco public defender.

Conway's father, James Conway, Sr., of Clear Lake, posted bail, which was set at \$2,500.

Army ROTC wants to join you

by Marty Ludwig

For the first time here, SF State students are being recruited by the Army Reserve Officers Training Corps.

With the Army experiencing a shortage of trained officers, ROTC is reaching out to colleges without its programs. SF State has been one of the targets in ROTC's mission.

Recruitment here began with advertisements in campus newspapers for a ROTC-sponsored pizza party two weeks ago near the University of San Francisco (USF). The Military Science

Department at USF is the hub of the San Francisco Army ROTC program.

About a third of the more than 250 students at the pizza event came from SF State.

"This was our first opportunity to reach out to SF State students," said Maj. Ford McLain, organizer of the party and military science teacher at USF.

McLain hopes to clear up the popular misconceptions concerning ROTC. Army training, he said, is not necessarily combat-oriented.

"Many of our people go on to

medical or law school," he said.

McLain will be taking his message into an SF State classroom next semester. A two-unit Army ROTC course, exploring the reality and inevitability of world conflict, will be offered within the School of Behavioral and Social Sciences.

Students wouldn't have to enroll in the ROTC program to take the course, although some cadets will be taking it in conjunction with other ROTC-related offerings at USF.

So far the course hasn't evoked any

opposition. "All we've received has been encouragement and cooperation," McLain said.

In contrast, Vietnam-era protests were frequently held against military training and recruitment on college campuses. The Air Force ROTC program at SF State was forced to eliminate all combat-related training after the 1968 student strikes.

Today, the small, 30-cadet AFROTC curriculum offers only scientific, aviation and engineering training from its Psychology 115 office.

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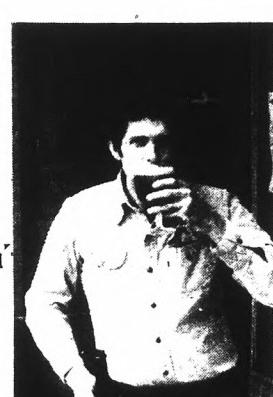
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Battle of the brew won on home front



Photo by David Peterson

by Joe Rodriguez

A heated controversy, brewing since the end of Prohibition, recently came to a fizzing conclusion in the White House.

President Jimmy Carter signed a bill last month to unevenly end a 45-year-old running battle between home brewing advocates and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF), a federal enforcement and regulatory agency.

The bill allows Americans to brew beer legally in their homes for the first time and eliminates a Treasury Department license now required to declare its illegality.

Starting Feb. 1, 1979, any person over 21 may produce up to 100 gallons a year of each spirit tax-free. In a household of two or more, the limit is 200 gallons a year.

Home brew advocates, though pleased by the recent legislation, claim there aren't any federal regulations forbidding the practice anyway.

"Making home brew has been legal since Prohibition," said Lee Coe, 70-year-old lobbyist for the Home Wine Merchants Association.

Coe describes the bill, HR 1337, as "a legal technicality to stop public officials from telling whoppers."

According to Coe, Prohibition ended in 1933, and the Alcoholic Beverage Control (ABC) regulated the sale of alcohol. Home brewing wasn't prohibited. He accused ABC of misleading the public.

"The ABC has lied for 45 years and told the people home brewing is illegal. Not one person has ever been arrested," Coe said.

John Bolten, president of the San Andreas Malt Club, a San Francisco home brewers organization, also said federal regulations do not prohibit unlicensed home brewing, but the ATF used a loophole in the law to declare its illegality.

"There's nothing in the federal statutes that covers home brewed beer which is not for sale," Bolten said. "The ATF says, 'Since it doesn't say it's legal, it's illegal.'"

Daniel Heinrichs, ABC duty officer, explained that state laws technically require home brewers to obtain a permit.

"All laws pertaining to the manufacturing of beer in California require a license. Technically, a license is required for home brewing," Heinrichs said.

Until the bill takes effect, home brewers must obtain the same license as commercial brewers, at a cost of \$40.

several hundred dollars a year, Heinrichs said.

Unlicensed brewers are not prosecuted because their offense is insignificant and his agency has "a lot more important things to do."

Although persons inquiring about the legality of home brewing are told a license is necessary, Heinrichs believes the ABC has not actively discouraged potential home brewers.

"It (the bill) won't make any changes. Technically it legalizes something that has been going on for a long, long time," he said.

Advocates for home brewing disagree.

Bolten predicts "a tremendous upsurge in home brewing." He attributes this to an increasing accessibility of home brewing kits, which, he said, will become available even in grocery stores.

Denis Kelly, retail manager for Wine and the People, a Berkeley supply shop for wine and beer makers, said the new legislation will increase public interest in home brewing.

Kelly said the supply business has doubled yearly.

An initial investment of \$20 to \$40 can secure the equipment needed for years of home brewing, Kelly said.

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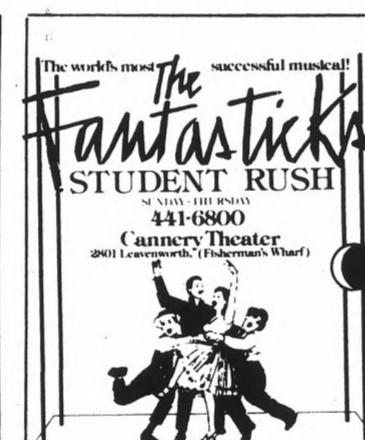
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The Silkwood case

by Gene Zbikowski

Karen Silkwood died Nov. 13, 1974, when her car went off Oklahoma state highway 74 and crashed into a culvert. She was 28.

Those facts are about all anyone agrees on concerning Silkwood. Since her death she has become a martyr of the anti-nuclear power movement, and a legend has grown up around her.

This is Karen Silkwood Week, and a forum will be held at noon tomorrow in conference room A in the Student Union, sponsored by the National Organization for Women (NOW).

Silkwood was born and raised in Texas oil country. Her grandfather worked in the refineries and was the Silkwood family's first member of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Worker (OCAW) union.

In school Silkwood was known as a good student. She graduated from high school in 1964 and went on for a year to Lamar College in Beaumont, Texas.

Silkwood's best friend from childhood, Karen Miller Patterson, told a reporter for *Ms.* magazine that Silkwood "took clear, concise and well-organized notes. In school she was meticulous."

According to the legend, that note-taking ability became Silkwood's death warrant.

Patterson also recalled that Silkwood "was the kind of person, who, if something was wrong, was not going to stand by and ignore it. She was not afraid to stick her neck out."

After that one year at Lamar, Silkwood married. She and her husband had three children. After six years, the marriage fell apart, and Silkwood began working again. In the summer of 1972 she became one of 270 workers at the Kerr-McGee Corporation's Cimarron facility near Crescent, Okla.

The firm Silkwood worked for was a pioneer in the energy industry. It was founded in 1929 by a U.S. senator and a brilliant energy technician.

In the 1960s Kerr-McGee contracted to produce plutonium fuel for an experimental breeder reactor.

This took the form of 8-foot long, pencil-thin metal rods containing small pellets of plutonium. The fast-breeder reactor is the ultimate dream in the energy industry in that it creates more fuel than it consumes.

Kerr-McGee's Cimarron facility began operation in 1970. In the four years before Silkwood's death there were 17 reported incidents of radioactive contamination of employees. Often, the firm was at fault — twice, it shipped radioactive waste in improper containers, according to the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC).

Silkwood became one of the few union members at Cimarron. She walked the picket line during a nine-week strike in fall 1972. She also met and fell in love with co-worker Drew Stephens. They shared an interest in sports, cars and union activism. In spring 1974 Silkwood became a leader of the OCAW local at Cimarron.

Besides its leading role in the energy industry, Kerr-McGee is also known for its hostility to organized labor. A 1973 strike by its uranium miners in New Mexico dragged on for six months. In the fall of 1974 a move was made to decertify the OCAW Cimarron local — to deprive it of bargaining power. The union contract was up for renegotiation Dec. 1 of that year.

Silkwood began taking notes on contamination incidents and, ironically, she was contaminated herself for the first time Aug. 1. Her notes caused alarm when Silkwood brought them, in fall 1974, to the OCAW's Washington, D.C. headquarters.

They seemed to indicate poorly made pins were being shipped from Cimarron. Defective pins could cause a major disaster if they were inserted in a breeder reactor — thousands of people might be contaminated.

The union won the decertification

election in mid-October. Silkwood continued taking notes. On Nov. 5 a meter showed she was contaminated and in the following days she repeatedly showed traces of radioactivity. An AEC investigation could not find the source of contamination until a few days later, when Silkwood's apartment was checked.

Traces of radiation were found throughout. Some food in the refrigerator showed the highest concentration of radioactivity. That day, Silkwood told Kerr-McGee lawyers, "I have no knowledge of what happened, but I feel the contamination coming out of my body."

Kerr-McGee initially suggested Silkwood was trying to smuggle plutonium out of Cimarron. The OCAW suggested someone was trying to scare or kill Silkwood with radiation poisoning.

Silkwood spent the last day of life in contract negotiations. In the evening she was to show more of her notes to OCAW officials and a *New York Times* reporter in Oklahoma City. A fellow worker saw her leave Cimarron clutching a fat notebook and a manila folder.

The report by the Oklahoma Highway Patrol states Silkwood apparently fell asleep while driving. The OCAW hired an independent investigator, A. O. Pipkin, who claimed to find evidence that Silkwood's car was forced off the road by another. The notebook and folder were never found.

A subsequent Justice Department investigation concluded, "There was no evidence to indicate that her death was anything other than an accident."

NOW, the Coalition of Labor Union Women and several environmental groups founded a Karen Silkwood Health and Safety Fund to raise money to file a civil suit over Silkwood's death.

NOW member Sara Nelson will speak about the case tomorrow at the forum on campus.

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Located in the library basement, the "time-sharing" computer has 40 terminals or outlets in four different campus buildings. The computer, however, can only "share" its programmed information with 30 terminals at once.

Unlike the old "batch" computers that were programmed with batches of paper punch cards, the time-sharing computer stores the memory of the programmed information without the use of punch cards.

Increased demand for the computer services, which include instructing, testing, calculating and editing, has left students wrestling for computer time to complete their assignments.

Use of time-sharing computers in the HILL, Business and Biological Sciences buildings requires advance reservations. A sign-up schedule is made each week, with computer time limited to one or two hours per session. The computers in the Education building are available on a drop-in basis. The campus time-sharing computer also can plug into a "CYBER" computer in Los Angeles that supplies information to all of California's state universities. Using

the same computer terminals, an account number and code name is dictated into an attached telephone. This automatically connects the computer terminal in San Francisco to the computer in Los Angeles.

But waiting to get on a CYBER terminal is sometimes harder than using the campus time-sharing computer. There are approximately 10 CYBER terminals on the campus.

The most frustrating thing about using the computers is that there are

so many people waiting to get on," said Alan Weatherhead, time-sharing lab manager in the Education building. "A lot of people have to come in late at night it's not very convenient for them."

"Getting on" a terminal does not assure its use, however. During the peak hours from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., a student may open a terminal and find 30 people already using terminals in other buildings. The student would have to wait for someone to finish

before he could use the machine. "If you're an 'A' student, you'll find the time for computer work," said Weatherhead. "Others don't have the motivation to stay for hours and hours to get it done."

Frank Sheehan, chairman of the Computer Policy Committee, said the committee was "aware of the problem and an elaborate request to improve the time-sharing computers is now in the Chancellor's Office.

Waging war upon the stutter

by Allan Bolte

Michael Sugarman thinks as many as two million Americans stutter.

For the last year, the SF State graduate student has been aiding those who sometimes find it a major effort to complete even a simple sentence.

Sugarman, who is working on his master's degree in interdisciplinary education and psychology of handicapped children, founded the National Stuttering Project in June 1977.

He received a \$5,000 donation from Milton Taubman, a private citizen. Sugarman and Taubman have a special interest in finding a cure for the speech flaw — both stutter.

The project has self-help branches in San Jose, Hayward and San Fran-

cisco and prints a number of brochures.

Members of the project pay a \$10 annual fee, which covers printing and other business costs.

Medical experts don't know what causes people to stutter. In the 1920s, doctors believed people who stuttered had a "slow brain." Other theories have been a too-large tongue (1940s) to the 1950s explanation of the right side of the brain dominating the left side.

"Stuttering becomes a learned behavior," Sugarman said. "There is difficulty in trying to communicate with words we can't grasp. We want people who stutter to realize that they have a problem that has been internalized."

"People who stutter often are afraid to say what they are trying or want to say," he said. "They hold back from saying a certain word, and this causes a delay."

Sugarman said the first thing he does with a new member is listen to the person speak in order to determine the kind of treatment needed.

"Ten percent of the people who see us will not stutter again and again," Sugarman said. "A person who stutters can overcome the problem."

Persons interested in obtaining more information about the project may obtain it by calling (415) 935-4940, or by writing to National Stuttering Project, 1122 Sarinap Ave., Walnut Creek, 94596.

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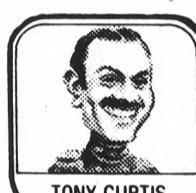


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Takin' care of business

President Paul Romberg was on hand Tuesday evening to dedicate a new conference room in Education 214 for business fraternity Phi Delta Kappa.

Joked Romberg: "This is considerably larger than the conference room that the president shares." Also appearing at the dedication was Asa Hilliard, dean of the Graduate Division. Photo by Mark Richards

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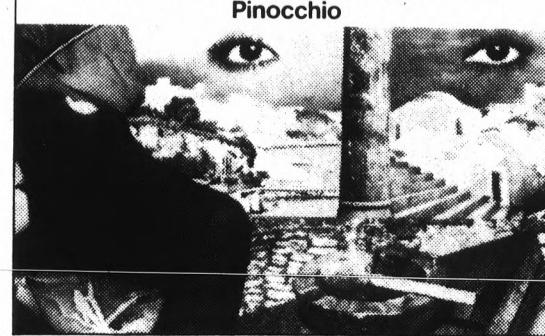
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Produced by Joe Zawinul Co-producer: Iaco Pastorek. Assistant producer: Wayne Shorter. © 1978 CBS Inc.

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The Record Factory

B of A practices under fire

by Nancy Isles Nation

Tomorrow may be a bad day for the 500 California branches of the Bank of America when 1,000 anti-apartheid volunteers deluge bank customers with 25,000 informational leaflets on Bank of America loans to South Africa.

The leafletting is being done by Stop Banking on Apartheid, a coalition of California individuals and organizations who want South African loans stopped because they support apartheid policies.

Bank of America spokesman Ray Toman said, "We will do business with any country of economic merit if the U.S. maintains friendly diplomatic relations."

SBOA, which was organized in 1975, chose Bank of America as a target because it is the largest lender to South Africa. Of \$3 billion in bank loans to the government and business, Bank of America has invested \$200 million.

"It's a consumer bank," Miloanne Hecathorn of SBOA said. "They are dependent on their customers."

The leaflet asks customers to withdraw their accounts, tell their bank manager they disagree with B of A's foreign loan policy, and send statements to Tom Claussen, Bank of America president, at P.O. Box 37000, San Francisco, 94137.

Hecathorn said three bank executives admitted that the leafletting hurt when SBOA held a similar rally last spring.

In addition to leafletting tomorrow, the group is also staging a demonstration at the 16th and Mission Bank of America at 10 a.m. on Friday with speakers, music and theater. Students who want to volunteer to distribute leaflets can do so by showing up at the rally.

Two South African exiles will be among the speakers. Michael Morgan is a 23-year-old South African army deserter now living in London. Don Morton publicly protested torture in

South Africa and escaped arrest by security police in 1971. He now lives in the U.S. and actively organizes against apartheid.

Hecathorn said that even tomorrow will be low-key. "We won't be wearing buttons or carrying placards," she said. "We just want to tell bank customers what is going on and let them know they can control what happens to their money."

A 1978 study by Corporate Data Exchange, Inc. said that foreign investment in South Africa has neither improved the living condition of South Africa's black majority nor brought about any significant changes in the apartheid system."

Under the apartheid policy, the black majority in South Africa is denied the right to vote, freedom of speech, equal housing, job and wage equality, education equality and freedom of travel.

Blacks are required to live in the

"Homeland," a reservation made up of about 13 percent of South African territory. They have voting rights in "Homeland" elections, but as a protest against apartheid, many blacks refuse to take part.

The University of California Student Body President's Council and the Statewide Campuses United Against Apartheid plan to support the Nov. 17 date for withdrawal of student monies invested in Bank of America.

According to AS President Wayne Lukaris, Chancellor Glenn Dumke sent a letter to the AS saying SF State should be cognizant of what banks hold campus accounts.

Lukaris said the AS account is with Crocker Bank, which, he believes, has a 4 percent investment in South Africa. Lukaris also said he believes Crocker is divesting its South African investment.

Crocker is on the SBOA-approved list of banks without apartheid ties.

Students intern in Sacramento

The Sacramento Semester Program at Sacramento State is again offering state capital internships to 25 qualified students drawn from the 19 CSUC campuses.

Next semester's interns will be placed in a variety of positions with legislative offices and committees, party caucuses, lobbyist groups and executive, administrative and judicial agencies.

Their jobs will include casework, researching and drafting bills, bill analysis, committee monitoring, writing speeches and press releases, influencing legislation and newsletter production.

Student interns earn 15 transferable academic units from the program. They receive six units for working 25 hours each week as interns and six units for a general seminar, to be held twice weekly, focusing on contemporary California government and political

tics. The remaining three units can be acquired by taking courses at Sacramento State on the legislative process.

Internship recipients previously were awarded \$1,500 to cover expenses for the term. This semester, however, the award has been discontinued.

"I'm not sure if it was Proposition 13," said Gene Geisler, Informational

Science program director, political science professor at SF State and a representative for the Sacramento program. "But it's good for a university now and then to reassess priorities."

Geisler said, "This program is not specifically designed for political science majors. We're looking for students with grade point averages

around 3.0 and who have interest, initiative and achievement in the area.

Elizabeth Moulds, coordinator of the program, said, "If there are a lot of students who qualify for the internship with good course background, good grades and motivation, I try to squeeze them in. Usually, the number of applicants does not surpass the quota of 25."

Hemoglobin flowin' at Union

Today is the last day to bleed for fellow Californians.

Blood collected today in Student Union conference rooms A-E will be donated to the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank in San Francisco. The campus drive is sponsored each semester by Arnold Air Society, a SF State ROTC group.

The blood bank supplies an estimated 500 pints of blood daily to 52 hospitals in the San Francisco and Northern California area.

Students can donate to a special SF State blood bank account. Contributing one pint of blood a year to the account allows the student and his family members to withdraw, without charge, the amount of blood needed to cover a medical emergency.

The usual cost of a pint of blood is \$55.

To help promote the blood drive, the Rick and Ruby Show will play today in the Barbary Coast from noon until 2 p.m. The Hoo Doo Rhythm Devils played yesterday.

The Associated Students also is promoting the event by asking each campus organization to donate \$10.



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california digest

UC's 62-hour work week — only 27 for teaching

University of California faculty put in long work weeks, but only half their time is spent actually teaching, according to a new study.

Of the 62 hours that the average faculty member works, 27 are spent teaching, grading papers and meeting with students. UC faculty spend 23 hours per week engaged in research, "creative activities," five hours in professional activities and public service work and seven hours in other UC service.

The study was made in response to criticism from Gov. Jerry Brown and the Legislature that UC's faculty spend too much time on research and too little teaching. But because this is the first full-fledged study of how university faculty members spend their time, no comparison can be made with other institutions.

The authors of the study concluded that, at a time when

most workers enjoy a 40-hour work week, a state that gets 62 hours a week from its faculty is getting its money's worth.

Admission points replace ethnic quota at UC Davis

Minorities, handicapped and emotionally disadvantaged students will receive extra points in UC Davis' new medical school admissions policy.

The old policy was ruled as racially discriminatory by the U.S. Supreme Court in UC Davis' Allan Bakke case. The new policy was developed by a Davis student-faculty committee.

Before the Bakke decision, the old policy had a minority quota system totally separate from the regular admissions program. Sixteen places were reserved for minorities in each school class, and there was a lower emphasis on grades and admissions test scores.

In the new policy, after receiving extra points, minorities

will compete with all others in grades, test scores, recommendations and interviews.

Bakke had been rejected twice when applying for medical school despite the fact that his grades and test scores qualified him for admission.

NAACP wants probe of increased KKK activity'

The Ku Klux Klan is on the rise in Northern California, according to the NAACP, which has asked the state attorney general to investigate incidents in three cities.

NAACP attorneys have also submitted reports to the U.S. attorney for the Northern District of California. The reports point to activity in Novato, Eureka and Stockton.

Both Novato's mayor and a police spokesman said there was no connection between the KKK and any incidents in the city. Mayor Robert Burke, who confirmed some racial incidents had occurred, insisted, "There is absolutely no evidence of KKK activity."

Novato Police Lt. Mervin Lesky said the incidents "started as a joke but got out of hand." He also said the local police could find no link to the KKK.

4,360 Air Force cadets grounded for food fight

A stuffed green pepper sails through the dining hall with the greatest of ease and lands on the head of a cadet officer.

The incident might sound like a scene from "Animal House," but it happened at the Air Force Academy in Colorado after 60 cadets succumbed to the battle cry, "Food fight."

The entire 4,360-member cadet class, was subsequently restricted to base for the fight that occurred during a pep rally for the Army-Air Force football game two weeks ago.

The cadets "failed to show proper military decorum," said Col John H. Price, Jr., director of information at the academy, when cadets refused to leave the dining center, despite repeated orders, when the food fight started.

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Police officer for City of San Jose. Bilingual (Spanish-English) only. Salary range from \$1,391 to \$1,609 per month. Qualifications are: 21 to 35 years of age; 60 semester units of college. For further information, contact Police Recruiting at (408) 277-4951 or write P.O. Box 270, San Jose, CA 95103.

continued on p. 16

PIANO INSTRUCTION AND THEORY

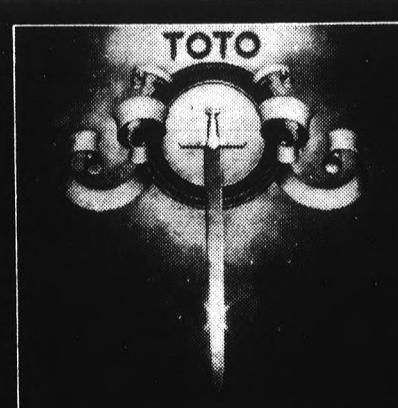
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Toto is (from left to right): Steve Porcaro, keyboards and synthesizer; David Paich, vocal harmonies and keyboards; Steve Lukather, lead guitar and vocal harmonies; David Hungate, bass; Jeff Porcaro, drums; and Bobby Kimball, lead vocals.

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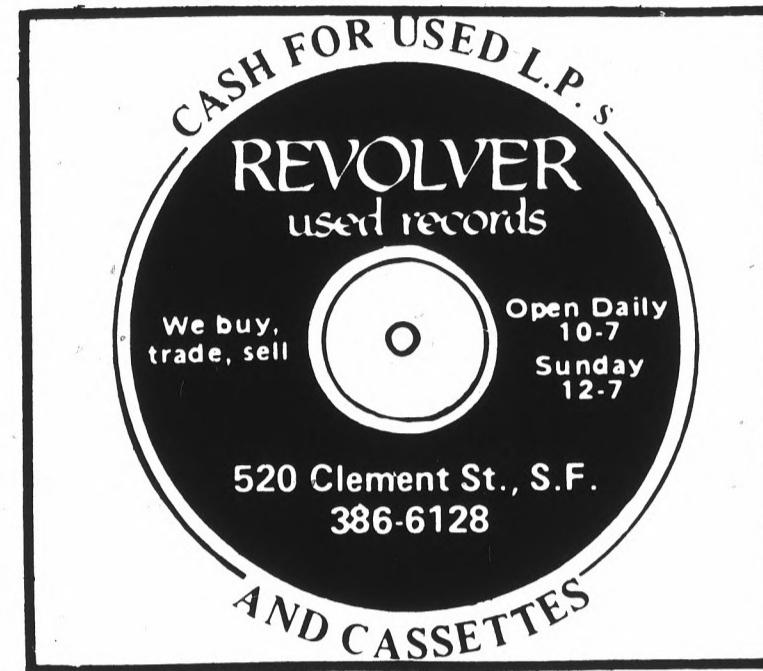
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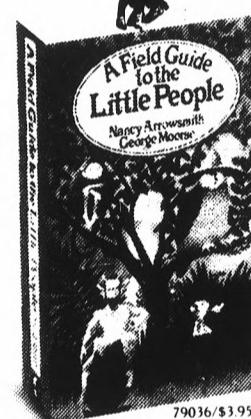
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arts

SO WHAT if this is another silly punk

by Jay Derrah

Sid Vicious is not my name.
I don't even look like him.

Let me explain. Sometimes I play drums in a punk-type band — The Units — and the other day my omniscient *Phoenix* editor said, "Hey you, get off my cloud and write a story for me about punk rock."

What could I say?

YES, SIR. Mr. editor-man.

So, therefore, a definition of punk rock is in order, or actually out of order, depending on just how punk you want to get.

To start with, most American punk bands lack the social spirit of English punk rock — that of the honest, raw, and fiercely emotional rebellion of the working class kid against the oppression and injustice of the world around him.

This follows the tradition of England's original angry young men, from Jimmy Porter, the hero in John Osborne's 1956 novel "Look Back in Anger," to The Rolling Stones' classic "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction."

The Dils, a San Francisco punk band, occasionally come close to this aggressive fever; most notably with their bluntly titled song, "I Hate the Rich."

But other American bands, such as The Ramones and The Dictators, seem innocuous when compared to the collective hopelessness, disillusionment and eve-of-destructiveness prevalent in the songs of England's The Clash, Generation X and the now-defunct Sex Pistols.

Punk rock is a voice — a platform of harangue that rejects the status quo and the traditional aim of "making it." Their music is not didactic. The existing culture has no place for them. They are freaks of society looking for their own niche.

No one opinion

A revival of R&B is also apparent in punk rock. Traces of The Who, Otis Redding, Motown and Stax records can be found in bands such as The Jam, The Adnoids and Elvis Costello.

Punk bands play with an energy and conviction that transcends mere madness. Songs such as the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen" and "Anarchy in the U.K." rate as classics, just like The Who's "My Generation."

Guitarist Graham Parker left a Sex Pistols' concert saying it was like seeing the Rolling Stones in their glorious early days.

rock story ?

Taken from a musical standpoint, punk rock is a throw-back to the unsophisticated rock 'n' roll of the 50s and 60s.

Punk rock is also a rebellion, a giant FUCK YOU to the jet-set main-stream rock of the 70s.

What new mass-produced cars, fiberglass and plastic are to Henry Ford's original idea of a transportation

stalwart, the 70s rock songs of Rod Stewart, Joe Walsh, Boston and others are to the music of Smiley Lewis and Fats Domino: A damned betrayal of values.

Punk rock reverts to the days when musicians took rock 'n' roll seriously, as a matter of personal honor — not as a way to get on the cover of *People*

magazine.

However, despite punk's musical credibility, the nation's media has distorted the punk scene. News-starved

newspapers and magazines have manipulated punk rockers into their own preconceived image; that of people wearing safety-pins, torn

clothing and bloody razor blades.

asked your JUST READ!

Playing punk rock is an escape from the pretentiousness of most hard rock bands, with their macho image and traditional man-loves-a-woman lyrics. A punk rockers' emphasis is on enjoyment.

The murder of Sid Vicious' girlfriend is a current example of the press' eagerness to lump punk rockers in the category of drug-addicted demons. The fact that New York City police said the evidence against Vicious was poor went largely ignored by papers running headlines such as "Sex Pistols' girlfriend stabbed."

So punk rockers receive sensational play in the press; but they don't mind — actually it is what they desire.

As *Rolling Stone* writer Greil Marcus pointed out, they "have absorbed from reggae and the Rastas the idea of a culture that will make demands on those in power which no government could ever satisfy; a culture that will be exclusive and separatist."

So Mr. editor, what more can I say?

Punk rock is one of those intangible phenomena that has to be seen to be understood.

No journalistic hyperbole can capture the energy of a live punk performance. No print medium can reproduce the frenzy and vocal velocity of a punk audience.

One has to see it to believe it.

Nancy Isles Nation

Backstage Pass

Dylan in Oakland

"He can do what he wants with his new songs, but why does he have to rewrite his old stuff?" said one audience member leaving the Bob Dylan concert at the Oakland Stadium Monday night.

Dylan's answer may have been the one he gave a Los Angeles Times reporter in a recent interview. "Every song I do up there means something to me," he said. "I'm not up there just so people can relive their memories."

And there was very little nostalgia Monday night.

Dylan's music has grown along with him. The small cafe folk sound has been replaced by hard rock suitable for performance in large stadiums.

All of the efficiency of a Bill Graham presentation was evident as the arriving audience was whisked through doors, ticketed and frisked.

Vendors roamed the stands selling day-glow necklaces for \$2 each, T-shirts for \$6 and slick programs for \$3.

The show started "only" 25 minutes late with "Mr. Tambourine Man" as the opening number. The song reflected the transitions of his career, starting much like the original and ending with a new hard rock sound.

At times Dylan sounded like an imitation Bruce Springsteen because of the addition of a saxophone player. The three women who backed him up (called the "Bobettes" by one re-

viewer) added a gospel touch. In the rearrangements of some of his old songs he sounded like an imitation Bob Dylan.

Despite his rewriting and rearranging of old songs, the audience responded most when he did songs that made the charts in the late 1960s and early 1970s. "Just Like a Woman" brought people to their feet with enthusiasm.

Some of the songs were not recognizable at first. "Blowin' in the Wind" sounded almost like Simon and Garfunkel's "Feelin' Groovy." "All Along the Watchtower" sounded so much like "Hurricane Carter" it was confusing.

Marsha Queen of San Jose saw Dylan in 1967 and liked him better then.

"He sings the same songs, but they're different," she said.

Another audience member thought Dylan was better than when he showed up to sing at Kezar Stadium hoping that Neal Young would be there.

For those who missed the concert, it was just another rock and roll show. Dylan was friendly and attempted to be warm. But it was a big production in a big stadium and it could have been anyone up there on stage.

Classical recital

Karen Rosenak, forte piano, and Laszlo Varga, violoncello, will give a recital Friday, Nov. 17 at 1 p.m. in the Frank V. de Bellis Collection of SF State's library.

Both musicians are SF State faculty members and the Collection's rare grand forte piano (circa 1808) will be featured in the program.

The recital is open to the public and admission is free.

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Anthony Hopkins and talkative friend, Fats. In "Magic," it's hard to discern the master from the dummy.

Hopkins discusses 'fat' role

by David Hern

Anthony Hopkins, dressed in cool gray slacks and a powder blue sweater, exudes an air as comfortable as his attire. His voice is soft and gentle, his manner as placid as a swami. Altogether, an intriguing demeanor for a man who portrays a psychotic murderer in "Magic."

Hopkins proceeds to betray his manner. "I am essentially hyper. I have to differentiate between happiness and hysteria. So, without being a wet blanket to myself, I have to say, 'Calm down.' I shut off for about 10 minutes a day."

Corky, Hopkins' role in "Magic," is one of the most difficult parts ever written for an actor, due to the sheer load of perfecting three skills: magic, ventriloquism and acting.

"I learned the ventriloquism in about six weeks," he says. "I was working in England with a magician for two weeks, and then I flew back to California where I met a ventriloquist by the name of Dennis Hall. Of course, I kept changing and perfecting it all through the filming. Meditation helps me. I learned the sleight of hand through meditation."

"I learned the two parts (Corky and Fats) as one persona. If I didn't and I had to figure, 'Well, who's speaking now?' I'd really have gone nuts. We'd still be filming."

In "Magic," Fats, the wisecracking ventriloquist's dummy, becomes the darker side of Corky. Hopkins describes how he found Fats within himself.

"I was very slow in school. I wasn't swift of intellect. I didn't understand why I had to learn dumb subjects like math. And I would make up these vicious imitations of the teachers. I was very cynical about everything. So, I made Fats a kind of solidified version of that."

We are all multiple personalities, and it's just the trick of shifting balance to find which one we reveal. Fats is the demon in all of us."

The subject changes to the more violent scenes, and Hopkins' deep eyes sparkle with interest, although he remains calm.

"It's a game," he says. "In fact, the theatrical way of presenting violence actually looks more violent than real life. Real violence on stage looks ludicrous and fake. In order to become really involved in this kind of part, you have to be disengaged from it. You must be physically, mentally and spiritually as relaxed as possible."

Hopkins appears to have mastered this technique. He never uses the pronoun "I" when referring to a scene in the narrative.

"Corky is very pathetic because he cannot 'talk out' the Fats within him. We all have our pains, and if we don't talk them out through analysis, friendship, love, whatever, they will destroy us."

There is no question that Anthony Hopkins is in his element. His enthusiasm shines through his gentle British smile.

"I'm a compulsive worker. A workaholic. It's productive, but I have to be careful not to do too much. I love acting. I love the sense of accomplishment it brings. I love being able to flip out into other characters without having to go insane."

Does he have any advice for aspiring young college actors?

"Work, work, work, work, work. It's work and it's tears and it's suffering. Work hard to the point where you don't have to work so hard anymore. After a while, it becomes less of a burden, and you find it all flows so free."

Although Hopkins has been performing in theater and films for years, "Magic" will be his first formal commercial introduction to American audiences.

If it is a success, things will be flowing freer for him than they ever have.

New prep music dept.

by Coleen Crampton

This fall, SF State's Music Department includes a preparatory program offering music lessons by qualified instructors at affordable prices.

The program offers private instruction for children throughout the week and by appointment. A one hour, weekly lesson for this semester (15 lessons total) costs \$105.

The instruments taught are flute, piano, guitar and harp as well as voice instruction.

"We'll plan for expansion as the need requires. We started on a small scale. When the calls come in we'll add other instruments," said Patricia Roycroft, program director.

There are adult classes in guitar and piano which meet on Monday afternoons. The cost is \$75 for 15 weekly lessons. The lessons are one half hour long.

All lessons are taught on campus by 10 paid graduate students.

In this class children learn the instruments in an orchestra and "play clapping and rhythm games," said Roycroft.



Paradise Lost

by Jeff Kaye

"Paradise Alley" starring Sylvester Stallone. Directed by Sylvester Stallone. Produced by Sylvester Stallone. Now playing at the Cinema 21, San Francisco.

No.

"It's a self-supporting program," said Roycroft. "However, we would like to be able to offer scholarships in the future."

The preparatory program was introduced here at SF State last year as a pilot project. The primary purpose

at that time was to give graduate music students opportunities for teaching and observation.

Graduate students in their first year of teaching are paid \$8 per hour. Second year teachers are paid \$10 per hour.

'The Wiz': Motown eases down the road and takes viewers to a kingdom of fantasy

by Allan Bolte

"The Wiz," based on the Broadway play with an all-black cast, is a glittering, colorful spectacle of song, dance and fantasy for all ages.

This Motown production stars Diana Ross as Dorothy and includes Michael Jackson as the scarecrow, Nipsey Russell as the tinman and Richard Pryor as the Wiz.

Ross, who received Academy Award nominations for her energetic performances in "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Mahogany," has again let out all the stops in her exciting, heartwarming portrayal of Dorothy, a 24-year-old schoolteacher living in Harlem with her Aunt Em and Uncle Henry.

One night while taking out the garbage, her dog Toto escapes into a wild snowstorm, and Dorothy runs off to catch him. Together they are pulled through the blizzard and into the fantasy world of the Munchkins.

She ultimately runs into a scarecrow who wants a brain, a lion who desires courage and a tinman who is after a heart. They sing and dance their way to Oz while chanting the theme, "Ease on Down the Road."



Diana Ross

They run across some obstacles that would be too unrealistic for even the most vivid imagination to grasp: trash-

cans with teeth, pillars in buildings that move and street-crossing lights that flash "Ease and 'Don't ease.'

They finally arrive at Oz's kingdom and enter through his back door. They are shocked to discover he is a fake — just an ordinary man.

The saddened group doesn't know what to do until Dorothy comes to a conclusion.

"You never needed Oz after all," Dorothy says, "because you've had the things you wanted all along. Scarecrow, you figured out a way to find the yellow brick road. You have a brain. Lion, you wouldn't give up when Evillene strung you up by your tail. You do have courage. Tinman, you have more heart than anyone I've ever known. We all must believe in ourselves."

Shining lights and stars then appear as Glinda the good witch (Lena Horne) arrives.

"If we know ourselves, we are always home. Believe that you can go home," she tells Dorothy, "and you'll be there."

Clicking her heels three times and, through tears, saying farewell to her new friends, she arrives home again.

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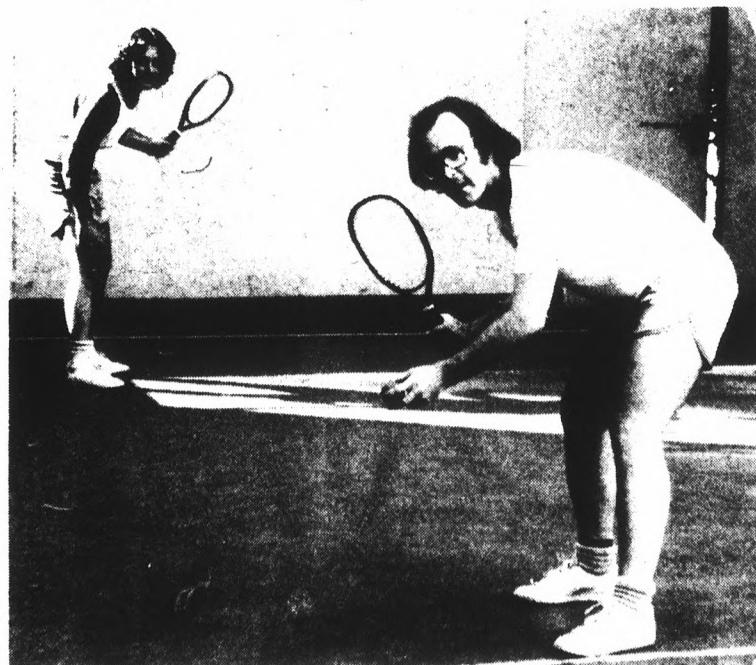
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sports-



A serve in student activities racquetball tournament (left). Going to the hoop in lunchtime intramural match (right). Photos by Lynn Carey

Exercise for the student body

by Paul Steinmetz

Sparse attendance at Gator home football games might indicate the following:

1. SF State students don't like a losing team.

2. SF State students have better things to do.

3. SF State students don't like sports.

Hold it. Whoa. That last presumption just won't fly. Look at the facts. Last year 1,500 students spent their lunchtimes playing intramural sports. Most of them played basketball, but cross country, gymnastics, judo, swimming and horseshoes attracted followers too.

Intramurals are for students who want to participate; you can't score points as a spectator. Most students are involved for the competition, according to Jerry Wright, director of Intramural Activities, but some just love the glory.

"No doubt about it," Wright said.

"Some students are into it more than others. It's prevalent in the basketball program more than anywhere else."

Women, in general, are not prevalent in the program. Wright is having little luck attracting more women into the program, and he thinks he knows why.

Because they had more opportunities to participate in sports in their younger years, said Wright, "traditionally men are more competitive. They still like to compete, whereas girls are just starting to compete on an acceptable level. In other words, people are starting to accept women (in sports competition)."

There was a time when it seemed intramurals themselves were no longer acceptable. In 1969 only 751 students participated in intramurals — a thousand less than in 1965.

"Students were more interested in something else," said Wright. "They were participating in the strike or watching it. It was a more relevant activity."

Today's relevant activity is basketball, in which 612 students played intramurals last year.

Rules for intramural basketball are simply stated in SF State's intramural

sports handbook:

The game shall consist of two 15-minute halves with a two-minute intermission. Five men constitute a team. However, a team may start and play with four players. Players are not permitted to question subjective calls from the officials. No hitting below the belt. Only good clean fun permitted. No dunking in warmups. Technical foul for violations.

Other intramural activities enjoy less popularity than basketball. Frisbee for instance, attracted only 11 people; the golf hole-in-one contest, only five. These programs will continue, said Wright, as long as a few people show interest in them.

Most of the intramurals are initiated by a student inquiry to Wright, who will put nearly any event on the calendar.

"Almost without exception, we're willing to give it a try," said Wright.

Last week's racquetball tournament, not an intramural, began

differently. It was the brainchild of Patti Fortunati, a recreation student who created the tournament as part of her internship with the Student Activities office.

She saw some students didn't have time to participate in intramurals, because many sports in the program last all year. Fortunati created a one-week tournament that includes many of the features of intramurals.

"It's a social tournament," she said. "It's not something based simply on skill. Students enjoy the competition. I think that's one thing lacking on this campus."

Stephen Blakensee, 20, eventually finished third in the beginning division. He joined the tournament "to see how I'd do against other people."

He doesn't participate in inter-collegiate sports, but found the tournament met his needs.

"Team sports are ok," he said, "but the competition is too much. I'm out to have a good time."

Teachers get a work out, too

by Marty Ludwig

As World Team Tennis franchises fold one by one, a Faculty-Staff Tennis Tournament at SF State continues to flourish.

The participants in this competition, however, are playing for fun — not profit.

Although the players don't exhibit the tenacity or grace of professionals, the tourney operates on a similar format. The matches, which begin every Friday at noon, consist of women's, men's and mixed doubles; men's singles and women's singles.

Unlike World Team Tennis, all eight members of a team must see action. "We insist that everyone gets to play," said "Commissioner" Ed Lorenzen, coordinator of the tournament.

Lorenzen, an education professor, is a team captain with a basic strategy. "I put strength against strength. Other coaches try to rotate around."

A total of 64 university employees compete in the tournament as regulars while substitutes wait in the wings. A rule prohibiting students from playing prevents the possibility of "bringing in a ringer."

The combatants, most of whom are middle-aged or older, sport T-shirts, shorts and caps (to protect bald spots from the burning sun). The style of play is more often defensive than offensive.

As Lorenzen says: "This is one of the few chances faculty and staff have to socialize together." Winning games is secondary.

Well-known personalities taking part in the tourney include Don Castleberry, graduate division dean; Ward Sangren, information systems and analysis director; and Rose Romberg, wife of the university president.

Romberg said she enjoys the tennis although "it's a little far to come for just one set."

"I played in high school but then quit for 25 years before beginning again last spring," she said. Her experi-



Mrs. Paul Romberg

ence is typical of the participants.

The tournament, which is in its first year, is in the 10th week of double round-robin competition. The teams will continue to battle each other through the end of next semester.

When the season concludes, a trophy will be presented to the team with the best record and autographed copies of Virginia Wade's first and only book will be awarded to the top man and woman player.

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Wins come in threes, twice

by Michael Torcellini

The entire SF State soccer team was caught copying last Saturday.

But this is one time the players won't be punished for their copying misdeed.

In fact, the Gator players are being congratulated for their carbon copy victory over Chico State in the NCAA Western Regional semi-finals.

Just like last year, Chico and SF State faced each other in the same semi-final match of the Western Playoffs. Just like last year, the game went into triple overtime. And, just like last year, the Gators were victors by an identical 2-1 score.

The playoff victory pushed the Gators into the NCAA Western Finals on Monday against Seattle Pacific, there. Seattle Pacific defeated Chico 2-0 in the other semi-final game Saturday.

The Gators faced Seattle Pacific in the same playoff situation last year, but that's one performance the Gators don't wish to duplicate, seeing that their season ended in a 2-1 defeat to Seattle.

Unaffected by the brisk weather conditions that had the approximately

400 fans shivering at Balboa Park on Saturday, Chico and SF State battled to a 1-1 tie at the end of the 80 minute regulation time. It took two 20 minute overtimes, and three minutes and 20 seconds of the third OT before Gator Tom Harvey broke the tie by nudging the winning goal into the net.

"I was just in the crowd around the goal watching the ball in the air, and when I turned around the ball was just sitting there on the ground. I just got my foot there before the other guys did," Harvey said describing his winning goal.

The goal was set up by a corner kick awarded to the Gators. Tim Pidgeon launched the ball from the corner to right in front of the goal.

"Their goalie's weakness is in the air," said 6-foot-2-inch Toby Rappolt, "and we knew it before we took the corner kick shot.

"We just kicked the ball right up to the goalie and I jumped into him," Rappolt said. "The ball hit off my head and came down to Tom."

"When it's sudden death you have to take it easy until you find the right moment to strike," coach Sagastume said. "And I think that the corner and free kicks are where you strike when

two teams are so equally matched."

The Gators didn't seem to be looking for any moments at all in the first half. But Chico did, as they snatched an early lead by scoring with 39 minutes gone in the first period.

It was sophomore Danilo Canales who knotted the game at one goal apiece with his booming score from 25 yards out.

Until Canales' score, which came with 11 minutes left in the game, it seemed as though the Chico defense might hold.

"I was worried there for a while. They're a very good team," Sagastume said about Chico.

Sagastume should know — he coached the Chico soccer team for two years, 1974-75, before coming to San Francisco to rebuild the Gator's squad.

"As you can see by the score it was a tough game," Sagastume said. "Defensively, both of us played well. I just think we wanted it more."

"We have a lot of respect for Chico, because, besides us, they're the best team around," Rappolt said.

"It's just unfortunate that the best conference in the West (the Far Western Conference) always has two teams going against each other in the

playoffs," Sagastume said.

"But I'm extremely happy with the victory. I think my boys deserved it. We really played all out."

In the process of playing "all out" the Gators almost ran themselves out of gas. While Chico's players were getting rests throughout the overtime period, Gator players went with little rest, seemingly dragging at times.

"We have some injuries, that's why we were taking it easy," Sagastume said.

Tim Pidgeon, who injured his ankle against Davis, didn't practice most of the week before the Chico game, but played all but about five minutes Saturday.

"You start to become a robot after a while," Rappolt says. "You just run, you don't know what time it is, how much time is left or what day it is. You just know that your team is the one's with the yellow jersey and they're red."

"When you get tired you don't concentrate as much, and you miss traps," Harvey said right after the game that his goal ended.

"Yeah, I was tired near the end, but I feel great now. I could keep running for hours."



Butting heads in hard-fought soccer match. Photo by Michael Simon.

Ex-Gator a decade later

by Jack Bettridge

Thirteen years ago Tom Janis turned his back on what might have been a promising career in football.

Janis was an All-Conference defensive back who attracted interest from the New York Giants and the Chicago Bears during his junior year as a SF State Gator. But, before his senior year, he married and never finished out his football playing eligibility or his college career.

Janis faced a crossroads. He wasn't interested in coaching or his declared major, history. But he had scored As in speech classes at SF State and had done some singing at the Red Garter night club in San Francisco. He combined his interests in athletics and performing and parlayed it into a sports broadcasting career.

Today Janis faces a similar crossroads. But one not of his own making.



Tom Janis: "Sports has become big business." Photo by Mark Richards.

What Janis learned was accumulated over a 10-year broadcasting career, which started at KPRL in Paso Robles in 1968.

"I was green," Janis reminisced about his first job, but he quickly learned the score and moved up through the ranks. In 1971 he became sports director of Channel 8 in Salinas and then moved on to Channel 11 in San Jose, passing up an offer to do sports for KABC-TV in Los Angeles, because it involved doing news spots

on the side.

Then, in 1976, Janis became part of the News Scene at Channel 7 in San Francisco, where he will be until his present 13-week contract runs out.

"I don't feel like I have to be on television. I'm just fortunate I have something going for me on the side. A lot of people in broadcasting don't," he said.

What Janis has on the side goes hand in hand with the major he wishes

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he had known enough to choose while at SF State. He plans to spend his time running the Tom Janis Health Club for Women, which he owns in Los Gatos.

He said that his club with about 700 members is among the largest for women-only clubs in the state.

Sitting backwards in his chair, his muscular legs straddling its back, Janis explained that keeping in shape is now his abiding interest. "I exercise six days a week," he said.

He ate what he called his lunch (a tuna fish, cheese, tomato and sprouts sandwich) at 8 p.m., while waiting for a "late feed" on Bobby Hull's retirement for his next broadcast at 11 p.m.

Although Janis' dismissal came as something of a surprise to him ("I've never been fired from a job in my life"), he said he was becoming somewhat disenchanted with sports broadcasting. Had he not been fired, Janis said he would have quit the field.

"I think people make way too much of sports," he said. "It's something to be enjoyed, not taken so seriously. In sports today, you have to win, or you're a bum."

"Sports has become big business. I think it says something about society that the newspaper sports page is in the same section as the business page."

Janis said he has become more interested in "growth sports programs" in which statistics aren't kept and all participants get equal playing time with the goal of learning their personal limitations. "That's what sports are all about," he said.

"I respect programs like SF State's

and St. Mary's," he said. "You have to kind of feel for them, working with a limited budget and talent. They help to make the athletes aware, to play with the thought that it can end any time. They learn to have something to fall back on."

Janis said that he grants a lot of interviews to people starting out in the broadcast field. "I know what it's like when you're starting. You need help. There are so many people coming out of Armpit, Iowa, hoping to make it in The City who will never make it," he said, noting that there were only 10% jobs in the whole Bay Area in sports broadcasting.

Janis said that he likes to give young broadcasting students an idea of the world into which they are stepping, the hazards and the pitfalls. "It's not all fun and games. There is a lot of politics and a lot of work involved. You've got to do your homework, read the paper, watch TV, listen to the radio and use your imagination."

Since he learned of his impending dismissal, Janis said that he has felt more freedom to use his imagination. "Since I'm leaving, I'm experimenting a lot. I run different scores. I'll lead with a SF State wrestling story. I try to break it up with a little flavor and even appeal to the non-sports person, too."

But, for all his disenchantment, Janis does not regret his years in broadcasting. "I met a lot of people I would never have met. I learned to believe in myself. Everybody's got to believe in themselves."

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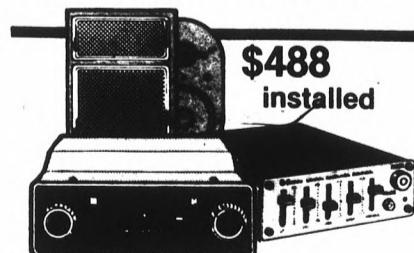
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Reward for gay slaying info

by Coleen Crampton

Word of a homosexual slaying in Seattle a year and a half ago finally reached SF State two weeks ago when reward posters covered campus bulletin boards.

Members of the Dorian Group, a Washington-based homosexual rights group, circulated the posters throughout The City.

The posters offer a \$2,000 reward for information about the murder of Joel Melville, a Seattle gay, early the morning of May 5, 1977.

It is not known why the posters

were circulated so long after the slaying.

Melville worked as a security guard around the clock at an expensive Seattle apartment complex, the Nettleton. As a precaution, he staggered his rounds constantly so people wouldn't learn his schedule.

Melville was found lying nude on the bathroom floor of his 14th-floor apartment in the Nettleton — stabbed 17 times in the neck, chest and throat. Telephone lines in the apartment had been slashed.

The body was discovered by Melville's lover, Marc Calija, a Dorian

group member. Calija has led the search for clues to the slaying.

"I haven't gotten over the killing," Calija said. "He was an innocent type of person. Everyone loved him."

Calija said he spent every other night with Melville.

Seattle homicide detective Dick Reed, who is in charge of the investigation, said Calija himself had been a prime suspect in the case.

Calija failed a polygraph test, but Reed admitted "stress and bereavement could account for this." The detective said, "We have no motive and no suspects at this time. It could

be a gay or a straight crime."

Calija had the reward posters printed over a year ago and distributed them to news media along the West Coast, including *The Advocate*, a gay bi-weekly newspaper in San Francisco.

"I've put more effort into the investigation than the police," offered Calija. "They only went to the Nettleton after the murder, checked things out and made a few phone calls."

Calija said Melville was planning to return to art school before the slaying and was known by such Seattle-area artists as Kenneth Callahan and Guy Anderson.

Braille markings ripped off

Nearly three-quarters of required braille elevator guides worth \$1,500 are missing.

"Almost every elevator on campus has been vandalized," said J. Dean Parnell, campus building coordinator. Parnell said the rip-offs are probably done by "people with idle fingers."

"We've had problems with people ripping those tapes off the elevator

panels ever since they were put in," Parnell said. "But SF State is not different from any other campus. Other campuses have this problem."

The guides were first installed in spring 1976 and have been replaced up to now with manufacturer-provided extras. Parnell said a replacement plan has been developed, but there is a "lack of funds to implement that

plan."

SF State graduate student John Hogan approached Parnell with a viable solution to the vandalism problem last summer.

"He devised a plate made of plastic that fits over the regular elevator buttons," Parnell said. "This plate prevents people from taking the special markings off."

At SF State, 50 to 60 elevator panels must be marked for the benefit of blind students, and Parnell said the school would contract out for the job.

Parnell said his rough estimate of the cost for Hogan's plastic panels would be \$5,000 — \$1,500 for the plates and \$3,500 for fabrication, installation and the metal and plastic protection.

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Basic Auto Mechanics Classes (non-sexist). Learn to work on your own car. Six classes for \$30. Call 285-5104 for more information or 285-8588.

Need help with your paper or thesis? Editor, nine years experience, will advise, edit, rewrite 661-8659.

CRAFTS FAIR will be Monday, December 4 and Tuesday, December 5 from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the Student Union. Early holiday shopping!

Wanted: Attractive women for natural and glamour nudes. International magazines. Part-time work. No experience necessary. 665-6959.

'56 Chev. schoolbus. Rebuilt engine and brakes. Wood stove, refer, custom cabinets. Will sell to the best offer. Call 994-9994.

Self-hypnosis class! If you want one for spring semester, contact A.S. Leisure Services. Extension 2444.

Climbing partners wanted to practice with me on local rock. Mutual belaying, share equipment, etc. Call Dennis at 334-4057.

On-campus job interviews Thursday, Nov. 16, comptroller of the currency for sophomore and junior business and accounting majors. Cooperative Education 454 N Adm x2208.

NEEDED IMMEDIATELY: A Chihuahua for a film project. One or two days shooting will pay good \$\$\$\$. Call 469-3671 soon!

Uniform for sale: Barco white pants size 12 and blue and white tunic top size M. Two months old. \$15. Call p.m. 334-0707.

SONY 630 D reel to reel sound on sound echo \$400, b/o. '77 Triumph Bonneville mufflers, massive speakers \$600. 457-5654.

Wanted: Work-study qualified students needed to work as lab consultants in Info. Science Time Sharing Lab. Call Randy x1157 HII 383.

Stereo system, must sell. Kenwood rec. Hitachi turntable, JVC deck, Marantz spkr. Sennheiser headphones \$600. Call 661-5031.



Player of the Week FOOTBALL



Dan Priest

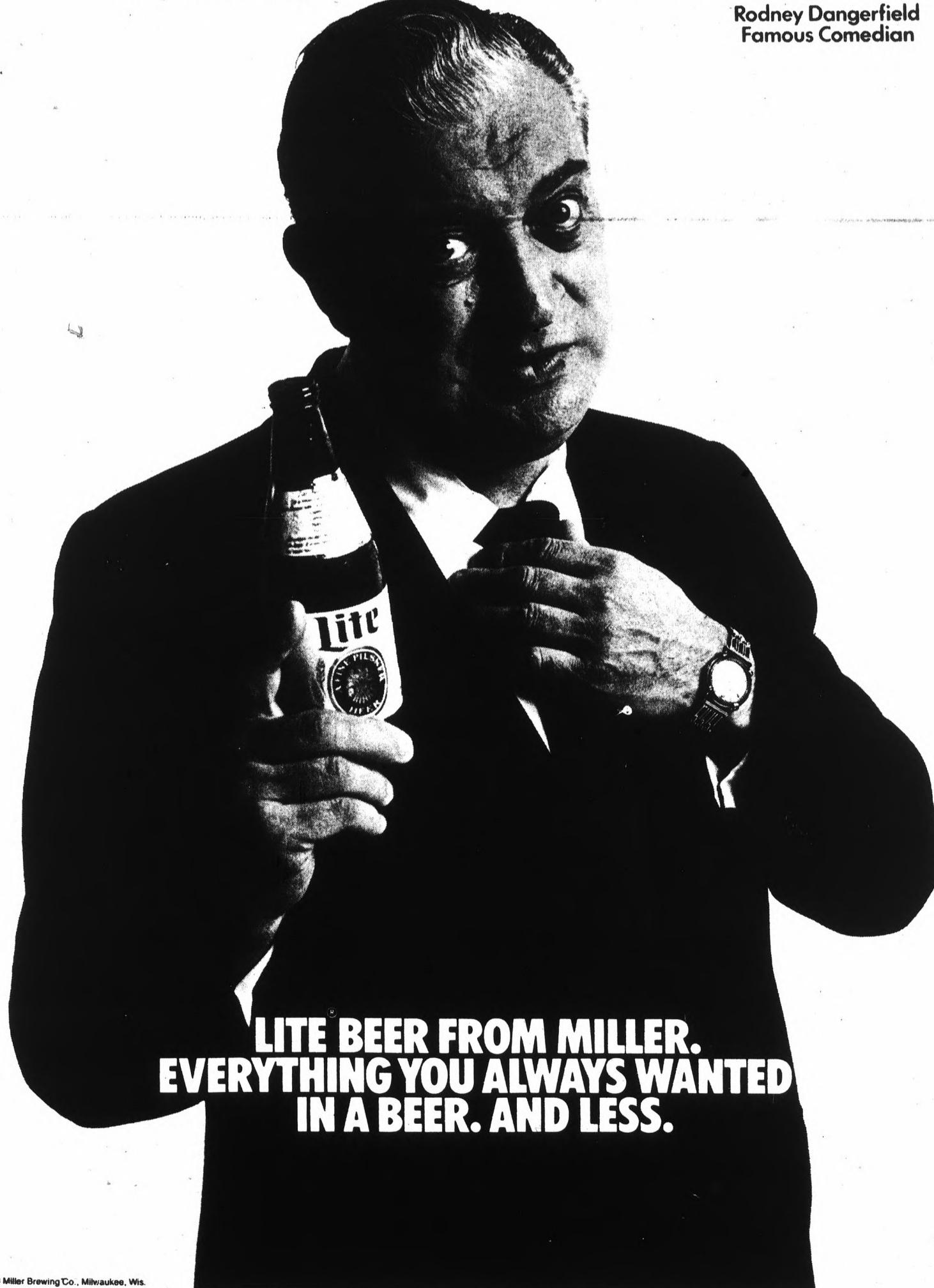
Running Back No. 41 5'10 165lbs.

The Gator running back was a one-man show against Portland, scoring two touchdowns, rushing for 107 yards, and catching a 58 yard pass.

SF State closes out the season this Saturday at home vs. Cal Lutheran. Kick-off at 1pm.

"I USED TO HAVE VISIONS OF A LESS FILLING BEER. I ALSO HAD VISIONS OF GETTING RESPECT. OH WELL, 1 OUT OF 2 AIN'T BAD."

Rodney Dangerfield
Famous Comedian



LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED
IN A BEER. AND LESS.

backwords—

The man who pitches



Above, Larry Robinson not talking. Below, he waits to tape an ad and at bottom talks to Mike Hoffman, his idea man. Photos by David Peterson.



Student's appearance on Name That Tune ends on a sour note

by T.L. Vaudell

If he had to make the choice again, SF State student Mike Garrison would probably forego playing "Name That Tune." Not because he didn't win anything on the popular TV game show—but because he did.

Looking around his cozy Belmont apartment, made cozier with the wall-to-wall naugahyde living room furniture he coped on the program a couple of years ago, the 31-year-old creative arts major said, "It's just been a hassle... What do I need with all this junk?"

He had watched the musical trivia show since being able to reach the TV knobs. He remembers listening to "a lot of music from different periods" and more than once boasting to friends, "If I get the chance, I know I could win something on that show."

His golden opportunity came two years ago when he answered a local newspaper ad seeking "Name That Tune" contestants. To qualify for a spot on the program, Garrison scored higher than a thousand other hopefuls on a series of musical memory tests.

Garrison was surprised to learn he had to pay for the trip to Los Angeles and his accommodations. The lack of

privacy at the NBC studio was also unexpected.

"Everywhere we went chaperones followed us," he said. They even accompanied us into the bathrooms."

Garrison noted that the ghosts of a TV game show scandal of the late 1950s was apparently haunting the Sunset Avenue studios. "To see that we weren't given a list of the tunes (to be played later on the show), special network security guards were assigned to watch the chaperones watch us."

The audience groan told the whole story.

Enduring long hours in the waiting room, Garrison waited anxiously for his name to be called. Among those waiting with him was another SF State student, Judy Yim.

The two students heard the studio sound system crackle on the third day: "Mike Garrison from Belmont and his opponent, Judy Yim from San Francisco."

At first it went badly for Garrison. He lost the "Money" round of the

show, but squared the match by correctly identifying three song titles during the "Sing-a-Tune" round. He finally disqualified Yim by taking two out of three melodies in the "Bid-a-Note" round.

Prizes were awarded for tunes named, but Garrison said he was almost oblivious to them. His thoughts were on loftier goals; if he could name seven songs within 30 seconds during the final round, fame and fortune were his.

After Garrison identified the first two melodies within four seconds, the announcer interrupted to inform him that cash, a 52-day paid South American cruise, a new car and a shot at the \$100,000 mystery tune were now hanging in the balance.

The music resumed. The movie theme "The Way We Were" floated overhead. Although the lyrics drifted through the corners of his mind, Garrison could not attach a title to the song. Host Tom Kennedy reminded the now feverish player that valuable seconds were elapsing. Garrison made a futile stab: "Memories?" he asked hesitantly.

The audience groan told the whole story. The ordeal was over.

Thinking only of the strain of the past three days and the long trip

Chevys from high places

A turkey for a test drive

by Mike Grundmann

A few years ago, as Larry Robinson sat in the snow at Park City West, Utah, wrenching with the pain of a severed leg muscle, a fellow skier came to help.

"Say," said the skier, "aren't you Larry Robinson?"

Larry Robinson, of Novato new and used car fame. That's what he gets for saturating the Bay Area with 30-second Robinson Chevrolet commercials. This year 1,700 of them; 34 a week, 50 weeks a year—a little more than 14 hours' worth.

Robinson said he has spent "about a quarter of a million dollars" in advertising since last November on channels 2, 36 and 44. He said he takes home "over \$100,000 a year."

Robinson's on-the-air trademark is standing on top of things. Tall things, like buildings, or his own 40-foot showroom sign in Novato. "People kept asking if I ever fell off my sign, after they'd see the ad," he recalled, sipping a Pepsi between takes of a new ad at KBHK studios, near the Tenderloin.

"So finally I just went on wearing a full-body cast and said nothing about it." He hired a man from Letterman Hospital to make it.

Robinson is 44, tall, heavyset, with a youthful face that sagging jowls can't suppress. He recalled the ad in which he stood atop the Emporium building, offering customers a free box of chocolates for each test drive.

"They wouldn't let me up there unless I wore a safety rope," he said. "We looked all around. The only thing we could find was this twine that could hold about 50 pounds. So I put it on. I can just see slipping, that thing around my waist—splat!"

Then there was the Sambo's "tie-in"—a free chicken dinner for a test drive. But the Sambo's sign was a wimpy 8 feet high. No problem. The camerawoman lay on her back and shot upwards at Robinson in his chef's hat, with only the sky for background.

Robinson recently asked if he could stand on top of the new MGM Grand Hotel at Lake Tahoe, but was turned down for unspecified reasons.

"I honestly think if Larry had a chance to sit on the World Trade Center, he'd do it," said Mike Hoffman, 31, Robinson's freelance promoter and advertising idea man since February.

Hoffman should talk. In July 1976, he masterminded the helicopter airlift of a 442-foot, 8½-inch turkey hot dog, with bun, onto Candlestick Park. He was promoting a turkey products company.

"I knew the Guinness Book of

World Records listed the world's longest hot dog as 90 feet, stretching roughly from home plate to first base," he said. "I thought, 'Hell, let's go for broke and go from home plate to centerfield!'"

After "a lot of hustling, borrowing and begging," spending \$700 on materials and having the hot dog's length verified by a notary public, Hoffman was informed by Guinness that their "Longest Hot Dog" category had been discontinued.

Hoffman and Robinson meet every Monday to count car sales and plan advertising strategy. Hoffman is the media expert who makes sure aerial shots from a rented helicopter—at \$1,000 a day—come out smoothly and who keeps Robinson's more far-out ideas in check. Ideas such as placing a camera inside a football for a trick shot of a stadium-to-showroom kickoff.

"When I heard that one, I thought, 'Oh, my God, there's no way,'" Hoffman said. "Larry said, 'Well, we can modify it.' So we modified it."

Robinson has induced customers to test drive his merchandise by giving away pies, fruitcake, Christmas trees, carnival tickets and, this month, Thanksgiving turkeys and pumpkin pies ("Whaddya think of that deal, turkey?") he asks a 30-pound Willie Bird special cradled in his arms, closing a sales pitch for recreational vehicles.)

Robinson has grunted under the grip of 400-pound national wrestling champion Cleve Dean to talk about special deals on his '78 vans. He has "materialized" atop a Monte Carlo, impersonating Obie-wan Kinobe of Star Wars in a rented monk's costume.

He has buried himself in a Vega station wagon stuffed with fortune cookies during Chinese New Year for a prize drawing and had his nose tugged by Warrior basketball player Rick Barry.

He has pitched to Giants' player Jack Clark in Candlestick Park, wearing a Giants uniform. He has dressed up as a baker and squirted himself with frosting from a squeeze bag.

"One thing about Larry," Hoffman said, "he's willing to be a foil, a fall guy."

When the production crew at KBHK starts videotaping, the "chroma-key" blue curtain behind Robinson is often filtered out by the camera. This allows his image to be superimposed over slides of used cars,

sale tags or the showroom sign in Novato.

Producer Kevin Curtis calls up the slides from his console in the control booth.

"Okay," Curtis said during a recent taping, "first of all, they're backwards; second, they're out of focus; and third, they're dirty."

"Omigod," said a production hand peering through the window, "is he wearing that white T-shirt?"

"We're gonna have exposure problems."

A camera assistant in the studio patted Robinson's forehead and cheeks with pancake makeup. Robinson smoothed his "\$88 down, Robinson Chevrolet" T-shirt, checked his paunch, rolled his arms and stretched his neck.

"Can you hear my heartbeat?" he joked, as they clipped a tiny lavaliere microphone to his T-shirt.

"Let's cut a little hole inside the pocket and run the mike cord through

He has buried himself in a Vega

station wagon stuffed with fortune cookies

during Chinese New Year . . .

that."

"Have him say a few syllables."

"Hi, Larry Robinson Robinson Chevrolet, speakin' to youuu . . . about our . . . used car department . . ."

"Cue up, change 15, change 6. Thirty seconds."

"...I mean, buys you won't believe..." Thirty seconds later: "...so come see us at 7123 Redwood Boulevard...and in Novato."

"Okay, roll that one back."

"...and in Novato?" Robinson's friend Chris teased. "It is Novato."

Robinson shrugged. "I had three seconds left."

"Hey, Larry," Chris said, "when do I get my turkey?"

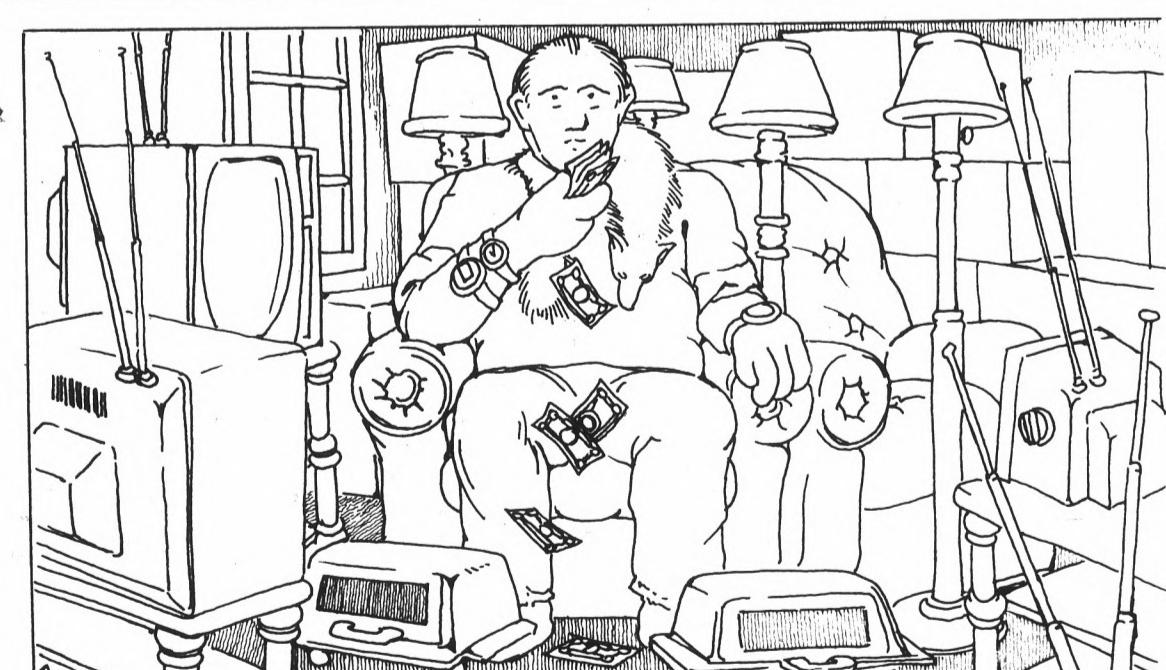
"Hell, I haven't even gotten mine yet," Robinson replied.

Robinson remembers when TV technology was a little harder on the salesman.

"We used to cut live spots every Friday, Saturday and Sunday," he said. "That was the only way we could do 'em. I've sworn on the air, when I thought the camera was off."

Robinson bought his business from another dealer in 1974. When a new freeway bypassed Novato, "It was all over," he said. "So I went on television." Without TV, his business would be "zilch."

"The thrill of being on TV isn't there any longer, nor the thrill of recognition," Robinson said.



ahead, the weary contestant mumbled a "thank you," picked up a list of his prizes and left.

Had he taken the time then, Garrison would have seen that the list included \$7,500 worth of furniture, stereo gear, a motorcycle, carpeting and a refrigerator. A closer look would have revealed four bicycles and four television sets. The carpeting was described as "one rug, leopard skin."

The show was taped on June 12, 1977 and aired the following March.

Soon after the taping, letters from manufacturers began arriving, informing Garrison his prizes would be delivered within 30 to 90 days. Six

months elapsed and some of the goods had still not arrived. Manufacturers blamed local dealers who in turn blamed manufacturers.

Meanwhile Garrison was busy trying to find owners for the bicycles and television sets. He placed ads in a local paper and gave things to friends when the ads didn't work.

Friends and relatives were using his apartment for their pre-Christmas shopping. In all, more than \$5,000 in goods were sold or bartered at less than 40 percent of their retail value.

The sales revenue will help defray the huge tax bite Garrison knows is coming.

The IRS considers game show prizes as straight income.

He still doesn't know what will become of the leopard skin rug, which is snarling away in a downstairs carpet.

"It has been more hassle than it's worth," he said. "I've got taxes staring at me in the face. I've got more things than I really want or need. I've got a small apartment. I don't need any of those things."

His "Name That Tune" opponent won \$700 in cash.

Surveying his crowded apartment, Garrison notes that she may have been the big winner after all.



If you're broke at the Golden Gate Bridge toll plaza—hand over your watch. Photo by Lynn Carey

Auction takes its toll

by Mike Grundmann

Drivers approaching the Golden Gate Bridge toll plaza can do one of two things: pay, or storm through. And they can pay in two ways. One is with money.

The other way is the reason why the Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District holds its annual auction.

Drivers who don't have \$1 for the toll taker can trade something of equal value for a receipt which may later be exchanged for the item traded at the regular toll cost.

Last year, however, 192 drivers failed to reclaim their impromptu merchandise — thus the reason for the auction, to be held today at 4:30 p.m. inside the administration building near the toll plaza.

Items not reclaimed by owners include: 14 screwdrivers, 19 wrenches, 12 cigarette lighters, 23 rings, seven watches, 37 eight-track tapes and numerous bracelets, pairs of sunglasses, tire gauges, pocketknives and flashlight.

A wedding ring. A quart of oil. An 1890 silver dollar. A "Road Runner"

T-shirt. A can of Wilson tennis balls. An orange necktie. A University of Louisiana class ring. A gallon of Kelly-Moore paint.

"One guy left a potted Christmas tree about 3 feet tall," said a toll booth supervisor. It survived the three days it took the owner to reclaim it. "It was well-watered."

"The excuses range from 'I just put in some gas — my last cent' to 'I had to buy tires,' or that they had just been ripped off," he said.

Asked to speculate why a person wouldn't return for a wedding ring, he shrugged over the phone, "Maybe they got divorced."

"I was just about to give the guy my watch," said a SF State student who wished to remain anonymous. "He said 'Why don't you just give me a hubcap?' So I got out and pried it off. The people behind me were laughing their asses off."

Toll takers will record the license plate number of any driver who passes through without paying. The number is run through central files in Sacramento, but beyond that the toll booth supervisor would not say.

"We get the money one way or

another," he said.

Although it was not stated in published advertisements, merchandise can be viewed an hour before the auction, said Dale Norton, supervisor of administration and security for the toll plaza. Norton will be the auctioneer this year.

Items are auctioned separately. Owners of the pledges may show up, but are not notified in advance of the auction. The bridge district keeps all auction proceeds, even if pledges sell for more than the 75 cents most drivers owed the district before the car toll was raised to \$1.

Norton said "about half" of the audience at the auctions consists of toll plaza employees. "A lot of the administration employees get off work at 4:30," said Norton's secretary, "and a lot of them like to be there at the auction."

"Four-thirty doesn't seem like a very convenient time, overall," said Robert Gonzales, a member of the bridge district's Board of Directors and a San Francisco supervisor. "It might be good for people in Marin County going home, but, no, it's not proper."



Oranjeboom has landed here, from Holland where they know their beer

You know how good Holland's beer is, and Oranjeboom has been a premiere beer in Holland since 1671

A short course in Bonded Bourbon.

First lesson:
Bonded Bourbon is so unique that it took an act of Congress (in 1897) to establish the standards for Old Grand-Dad and other Bonded whiskeys.



Old Grand-Dad
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100 is perfect.
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Final exam.
You need only one
sip to recognize
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quality and taste of
Old Grand-Dad.
Cheers!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 100 proof.
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Animation Lives!



DARRYL FURCELL

CENTREX. THE STEREO THAT LETS YOU PLAY WITH IT.



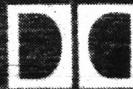
BIASED FOR PREMIUM TAPES SUCH AS TDK.

Up to now, if you wanted a terrific tape deck, you had to hassle with a lot of complicated and expensive stereo components.

Not any more. Because Centrex® has developed a tape deck with unduplicated high-end features. And engineered it into our new compact stereos: the finest all-in-one music systems we've ever made.

THE LOADED DECK.™

We began with a superb tape transport system with an electronically governed motor. The speed stays constant. Every note comes through loud and clear.



DOLBY SYSTEM

Then we added permalloy precision tape heads for higher highs and lower lows. And Dolby® to eliminate tape hiss.

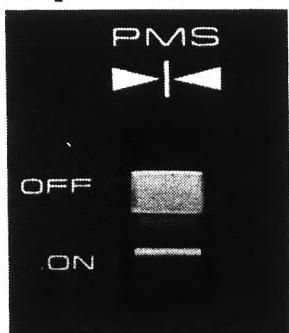
IT PLAYS FAVORITES.

Satisfied with the audio excellence of our deck, we built in features that make it easy to use.

Like the Centrex Song Finder.™ It senses and locks on to the point on the tape where each song begins. You can jump forward or back to any tune without lots of hit-and-miss button pushing.

And Auto-Rewind. It automatically rewinds and replays your tape when it's through, giving you uninterrupted music.

All major controls are power assisted for ease and precision. And Centrex makes recording easy—one button initiates both "record" and "forward" simultaneously. External tape monitors are standard. As is a bias tape switch for use with chrome tape. And twin VU meters.

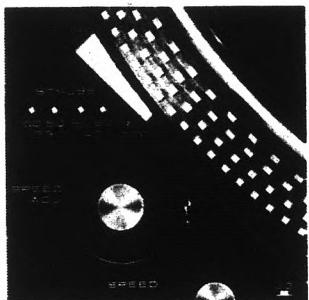


THE SONG FINDER.™

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Since man does not hear by tape alone, Centrex offers two record playing units to complement our superb tape system. One is a professional-style single play

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STROBE RINGS AND LIGHT.

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Both have belt-drive, to play your records with almost no speed variation. And both come with an S-shaped tone arm for excellent tracking. You can even buy the Centrex system with no record player at all.

A SENSITIVE POWERHOUSE.

Centrex also includes a receiver worthy of the rest of the system. It generates a substantial 22 watts per channel minimum, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 40-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.7% THD. Plenty of power with very little sound distortion.

And the AM/FM stereo tuner is extremely sensitive. So you can capture

and lock onto most signals in your area.

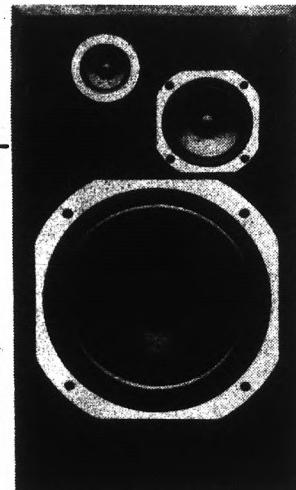
THE END OF THE LINE.

Finally, you'll hear all the sound Centrex puts out through the CL-70's. Our top-of-the-line 10" 3-way speakers. A perfect match for all the other elements in the system.

PLAY WITH OUR LOADED DECK.TM

All Centrex stereo systems are made by Pioneer—one of the most respected names in audio. So you get the excitement of high-performance sound.

But to fully appreciate this extraordinary system, you must visit your audio dealer. And hear it yourself.



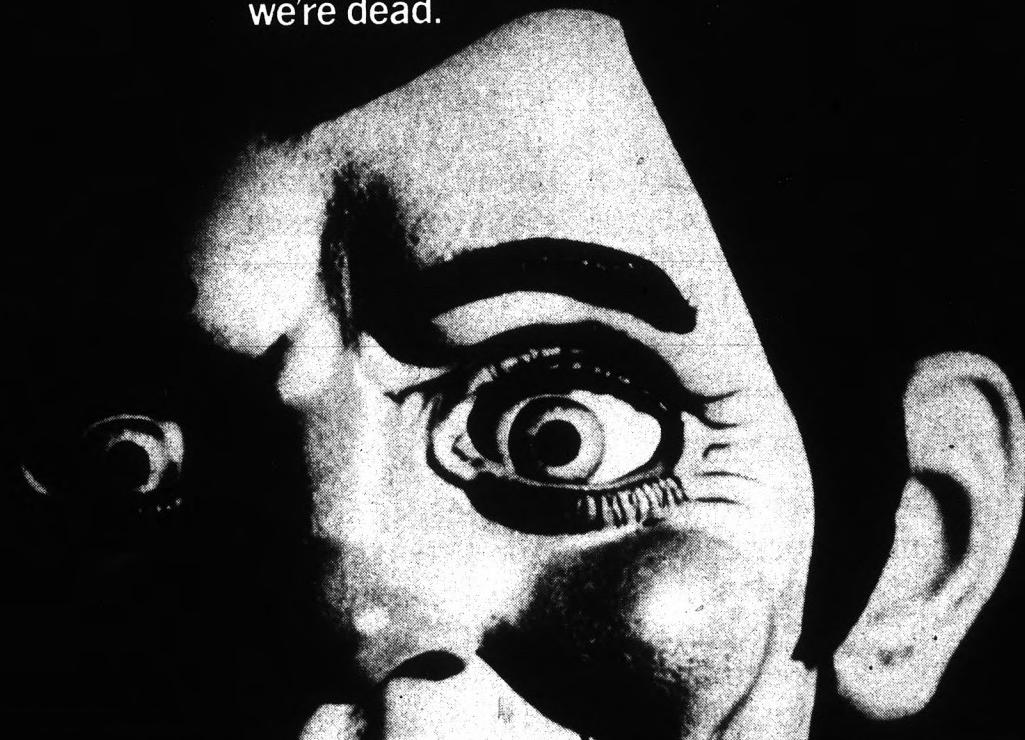
CL-70 THREE-WAY SPEAKERS.

CENTREX[®]



PIONEER ELECTRONICS OF AMERICA, 1925 E. DOMINGUEZ ST., LONG BEACH, CA 90810.

A
bracadabra,
I sit on his knee.
Presto chango,
and now he is me.
Hocus pocus,
we take her to bed.
Magic is fun;
we're dead.



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New Contributors

LEONARD BROWN (In Print) has written for television in the Fifties, radio in the Sixties, and print in the Seventies. Now, he says, he's starting to work his way backwards.

DAVIN SEAY (In Print, On Disc) attended San Francisco Art Institute. His book, *Spark's Leap*, "a supernatural thriller with moral overtones," is being prepared for release next year by Harper & Row.

JANE MILSTEAD (In Print) has been writing about youth since she was one, as editor of *Dig* and *Teen Screen* and contributor to *TeenSet*, *Teen Life*, *Book*, *Fabulous* and dozens more. She has never met the Beatles; it's their loss.

JOEL PATTERSON (On Tour) once attended San Francisco State, but he escaped to a farm in Virginia where he's collecting pounds of literature on nuclear energy, for what reason, we dare not speculate.

JOHN DALMAS (On Disc), a former Yale, is now an editor of a New York-based music trade publication far, far away from the tables down at Mory's.

MIKE JOYCE (On Tour) is a graduate student at the University of Maryland and a freelance contributor to a number of magazines, "the less-known," he adds, "the better."

KRISTINE McKENNA (On Disc) lives in Los Angeles, is a working artist, and contributes regularly to publications as prestigious as *The Los Angeles Times* and *Wet: The Magazine of Gourmet Bathing*.

RICHARD AARON (photo, On Tour), is a prominent Gotham-based shutter-snapper. His credits include the cover of *Frampton Comes Alive*.

JEFF BURGER (On Disc) received his degree in English from the State University of New York in Albany. He's since squandered his skills on a number of major and minor music publications, and is now working on a "musical biography" of Bob Dylan for Sire Books.

SCOTT MITCHELL is a senior, majoring in anthropology, at the University of Texas in Austin.

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IN ONE EAR...

Illuminating

While I'm not one to endorse crackpot conspiracy theories, the mysterious disappearance of your illustrator, Hal Vettika, on September 23rd from the Ampersand Sundeck, has all the earmarks of a Bavarian Illuminati caper.

We all remember the tragic death of Sandra Glass, teen-aged journalist, shortly after she exposed the Illuminati in *Teenset Magazine* (which itself died a tragic death in 1969).

And then there was Robert Stanton, who wrote a letter to *The Playboy Advisor* about the Illuminati. Shortly after his letter was published, with *Playboy's* scoffing answer stating that there is no such organization as the Bavarian Illuminati, Stanton was found with his throat torn out, as if by the talons of some enormous beast. No animals were reported missing from the local zoos.

Also, as students of the Illuminati all know, the number 23 is frequently associated with disaster and other mysterious occurrences.

On the other hand, not all these disappearances have a sinister explanation. Some people have been known to get into Illuminati studies and, after heavy doses thereof, just sort of float away. Check the contents of that ashtray and watch the skies over Laurel Canyon.

ROBERT SHEA
(CO-AUTHOR, *ILLUMINATUS*)
GLENCOE, IL

Errant Blame

My interest in your interview with Richard Dreyfuss (*Ampersand*, October) all but disappeared in the second paragraph. He obviously thinks of President Nixon as a bad man. But to blame him for the killings at Kent State just shows how much he refuses to listen to facts. The students were killed by the Ohio National Guard, who were sent to Kent State by Governor James Rhodes, who deserves the credit. As for how the people of Ohio feel, Gov. Rhodes was elected to an unprecedented third term in 1974, and by all indications, may be elected to a fourth term this year. People from [Dreyfuss'] half of the generation refuse to look at the facts that Mr. Nixon opened up communications with China and stopped the war in Viet Nam. People like Mr. Dreyfuss blame former President Nixon for everything from the acne they had when he was in office to the hemorrhoids they have now.

FRITZ HARRELL
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Harumph

As a Sherlockian, I am always glad to see the Master get deserved publicity. Thus I was glad to see that Merrill Shindler listed *The Hound of the Baskervilles* with Nigel Bruce and Basil Rathbone in a list of obscure film classics (*Ampersand*, September).

But I must take exception to Shindler's rating of the film. It is not "the best of the Sherlock Holmes series." It is not even the best of the Basil Rathbone-starring Sherlock Holmes series.

The best is *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. That is not merely my opinion, but that of many Sherlockians. *Adventures* is set in London, not on the moors. And though it is an original screenplay not directly based on any Holmes story, it captures the Holmes character and milieu better than *Hound*. (The Rathbone *Hound* and the original story are themselves different to a considerable degree, by the way.)

Adventures is commonly listed among the five all time best Holmes films, as well—and there are over 160 now.

JOHN FARRELL
(PRAED STREET IRREGULAR)
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY LONG BEACH

*Farrell should know; among his other accomplishments, he's author of *The Sherlock Holmes Cookbook*. He doesn't fool us with that "Praed Street Irregular" stuff, though: that group is composed of fans of August Derleth's tacky "Solar Pons" pastiches.*

We are writing in regard to your sophomore review of the fine new live album by Thin Lizzy. Did it ever occur to you that some people might be interested in reading a more literate and thought out review of the album as opposed to some immature joker's idea of humor? For a magazine supposedly geared toward informing college students of recent musical developments and trends. We find it hard to believe that Chris Clark is not aware of the fact that Thin Lizzy is the number one concert band in England and gaining popularity here in the U.S.

From the comments of Mr. Clark we are led to believe that Thin Lizzy is a cross between a baby (DADADADA... DADA...) and a machine (thunk, sputter, fizz), and even their mother isn't sure who they are. Instead the band is a group of hard working talented and professional musicians trying to put out the best product they can. For that they deserve at least some semblance of critical respect.

Pan the album if you want but at least let us know in more usable terms why you have chosen to do so, instead of supplying us with cheap, flippant and ignorant remarks which serve as a total waste of time to the reader.

M. PATRICK MONAHAN
KATE MCCALL
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Cheap, flippant and ignorant remarks are hardly ever a waste of time, claims Chris Clark, who stands (and not alone) by his snappy Thin Lizzy review in the September Ampersand. Besides, Chris knows how to punctuate and spell, two virtues you would do well to cultivate.

Flash

Whatever happened to the members of Flash, that shortlived but fantastic group formed by Peter Banks, formerly with Yes? After hearing their 1973 *Out of Our Hands*, I was eagerly awaiting their next album, but, alas, this has not happened yet... Please help me solve this mystery by relaying some information on what Banks, Colin Carter,

Ray Bennett and Michael Hough are up to these days.

T. THOMAS
NORMAN, OK

Peter Banks, now living in Los Angeles, tells us that he admires your patience and appreciates your concern. "After Flash broke up at the end of 1973, I recorded a solo LP, *The Two Sides of Peter Banks*. I then recorded an album in England with an American girl singer, Sydney Foxx, and it was never released. Two years ago, I moved to Los Angeles, where Sydney and I put together a band called Empire and recorded another album, which should be out soon. Sydney has been appearing in the theatrical production *Zen Boogie*, and will be heard on the original cast LP. I've been doing session work with acts ranging from Lonnie Donegan to Craig Mirijian; putting together a new band; and may be in Chaka Khan's backup group for her upcoming tour. All of the other members of Flash are living in Los Angeles, too, so far as I know, but I never see any of them more than once a year."

Lonely? Misunderstood? Misinformed? Snap out of it by writing to In One Ear, % Ampersand, 1680 N. Vine Street, #201, Hollywood, CA, 90028. We'll put your name in print. Try to be nice; we've never done you any harm, though we've often considered it.

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OUR COVER

Our phantasmagoric cover illustration is by Darryle Purcell, who said that it would take too much time & space to identify the fifty-odd (or, fifty odd) characters. Consider this a challenge: if you think that you can identify 'em all, send us your list. We don't promise any prizes, but you never know. Hint: call a Hobbit a Hobbit.

& OUT THE OTHER

Pass the Soy Sauce, Please



NEXT TIME YOU GO OUT TO DINNER and see Brian Wilson at the same restaurant, you'd better leave fast. Photographer Judi Lesta and her husband were innocently dining on Chinese chicken salad at Madame Wong's, a new hotspot in L.A.'s Chinatown, when she noticed Tom Petty and Rodney Bingenheimer sitting with Brian Wilson, who was behaving in a very loud and obnoxious manner. Wilson came over to Lesta's table and began to scoop up her chicken salad with his hands and shovel it into his mouth. She said, "I wish you wouldn't have done that," whereupon Wilson threw the chicken salad at her. She and her husband left, but not before Bingenheimer apologized profusely, paid for their meal and explained that Beach Boy Brian "just broke up with his wife and he's having problems."

6,000 Miles Too East

GILBERT MOSES, DIRECTOR OF *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh* (as well as a segment of *Roots*) was arrested in his Pittsburgh hotel room in late September on charges of possession of cocaine and stolen airline tickets. His wife was also arrested, but charges against her were later dropped. Police were reportedly acting on a tip from the FBI, which is involved in cracking the ticket scam; police had earlier been alerted to the possible use of quantities of coke on and off the movie set.

It was just one more in a series of problems besetting *Fish*—like importing actors to Pittsburgh only to have them sit around for several weeks without working, changing the script every day, and going over budget. The film stars real-life basketballer Julius Erving as . . . a basketball star and is a musical comedy, with the basketball sequences filmed to music (by the Sylvers, among others, with original music by Thom Bell). The company needed huge crowds to fill the Pittsburgh Arena but was unable to find enough people for several days of shooting; the mayor of Pittsburgh went on television and exhorted everyone to get down there and cheer, while the mayors of Cleveland and Baltimore sent snide messages saying they'd be happy to fill their arenas if the company would change lo-

cation. In fact, the mayor of Baltimore displayed uncommon wit when he offered to "save *The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh*." But as more than one languishing actor thought while twiddling thumbs in Pittsburgh, "Why couldn't it be *The Fish That Saved Honolulu*?"

A provocative aside to Moses' arrest: several years ago Linda Ronstadt was questioned when authorities discovered she and her band had been traveling, innocently, on bogus airline tickets. It so happens that a person or persons involved in Linda's career back then is now involved with *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh*. Probably just a coincidence.

Free Martin Mull

WHEN MARTIN MULL hit Dallas in the midst of his 40-city tour recently, he was kidnapped. Yep. Two women held him hostage for several hours until he gave them jokes. They were fans, not femmes fatale, who researched the snatch for a month and hauled Mull away in a van (a van?). He eventually kipped his way to freedom and didn't press charges, the sweetheart. Later on the same tour, Mull was awarded the key to the city of Norwood, Ohio, which is supposedly a Fernwood look-alike. When Mull's minions called Norwood City Hall to make arrangements for the ceremony, Mayor Donald Prues himself answered the phone. When Prues presented the key he said, in part, "This is our way of getting even . . ." Mull's *America 2Night* was cancelled, but he'll do a one-man show on Broadway over Christmas and then Mull offers for movies and record labels. In other words, he'll be out of work.

New Discs

MICHAEL MURPHEY'S ABOUT TO RELEASE an album cut "live" at the Palomino in North Hollywood several weeks ago. The well-received set included songs from various stages of the singer-songwriter's career (though not, sad to say, his earliest flings as a folkie with "Boomer and Travis"—he was Travis—or as a commercially oriented country composer) plus rock oldies "Chain Gang" and "Western Movies" and a squeaky ad-lib snatch of "Rocky Mountain High" that will probably never make it to the album. Murphey played guitar and banjo and grinned a lot. Also grinning was producer John Boylan, who'd assembled an all-star pickup band including bassist Bob Glaub, drummer Mike Botts, fiddler Byron Berline, steel guitarist Dan Dugmore and backup singers Katy Moffatt, Tom Kelly and Bobby Kimball . . . also for live albums are Richard Pryor and the jazz triumvirate of McCoy Tyner, Sonny Rollins and Ron Carter (see "On Tour," this issue), recorded on their recent tour.

THE ROLLING STONES, planning for the likelihood of Keith Richards' conviction on Canadian drug-related charges, are recording furiously: the Stones have been holed up in Wally Heider's L.A. studios, and Richards has been working on a solo album a few miles across town at the Record Plant. Ron Wood's first solo album for Columbia is somewhere in the works, and Mick Jagger is reportedly making it known he is available for film assignments. All of which should help fill the time—if any—that Keith is in the slammer.

New Deals

DAN PEEK, WHO QUIT THE BAND AMERICA 1½ years ago explaining that "it wasn't God's will that [he] become a superstar," has signed with Pat Boone's Lamb & Lion label where he will record "contemporary Christian music" and, we fearlessly predict, fail to become a superstar.

AUDREY HEPBURN will try to lend some class to Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*, which has been screenplayed by Gore Vidal. Audrey's role has been changed, since the character was a 20-year-old girl in the book. Robin Williams, the only watchable part of *Mork & Mindy*, has been signed to a multi-picture deal by Columbia . . . *The Word According to Garf* will be a movie, and James Bridges, brave soul, will write it; he also wrote *9/30/55* and *China Syndrome* (with Jane Fonda and Michael Douglas, formerly titled *Powder* and then *Eyewitness*).

MARTHA VELEZ, who once recorded an album (*Friends and Angels*) backed by members of seemingly every British band from the Rolling Stones to Fleetwood Mac, has signed with ABC Records, where she will be produced by Mike Appel, trying for his own comeback after his falling-out with Bruce Springsteen, whom he managed and produced. Velez, in an exclusive *Ampersand* interview quoted here in its entirety, says that "Appel got a raw deal" from the press.

PHIL MAY, founder and leader of early Brit-rock band, the Pretty Things, is now fronting a new group, Fallen Angels.

Rejects

W.E.B. IS THE FIRST CASUALTY of this wretched TV season, to be replaced by *Man Under Cover*, a *Police Story* spinoff starring David Cassidy. Also gone: *Mary and Apple Pie*. Good riddance.

AUSTRALIA REFUSED to allow Yves St. Laurent's new perfume, Opium, into the country because of their truth in advertising law. There is no opium in the perfume. An oversight, no doubt.

Volunteers

WARREN ZEVON has committed himself to a sanitarium in Santa Barbara for treatment of alcoholism; he will remain there a month, after which he will stay close by in case further treatment is needed. His alcoholism was severely worsened by his last tour, during which he consumed astonishing quantities of Stolichnaya vodka; he does not respond well to the "pressures of the road," according to a friend. He will continue writing songs for his next album while in the sanitarium. We wish him well, and only hope that he refrains from writing an album about his experience. *a la* Alice Cooper.

MARLON BRANDO called up Alex Haley and asked to be in *Roots: The Next Generation* because he thinks it's the most important program ever presented on television. He'll work for scale (compared to his \$4 million for *Superman*), but first Haley and company have to figure out what role to have him play (in the last episode only).

WHILE MANY ROCK BANDS claim allegiance to their fans, Aerosmith recently made quite

a show of it. Noting that members of the audience for a recent Ft. Wayne, Indiana, appearance were being hassled by the local gendarmerie (34 adults and 28 juveniles were arrested on various drug and alcohol-related charges), lead singer Steve Tyler stopped mid-song and volunteered to help the audience grapple with authorities. The band wound up paying about \$500 in fines.

Looney Tunes

THIS IS THE YEAR of the songwriter in movies: *They're Playing Our Song* (a Neil Simon Broadway play but soon to be a film) is about two songwriters in love; *Starting Over* stars Candice Bergen as a songwriter who finds success and ditches hubby Burt Reynolds (who comforts himself with Jill Clayburgh) and *10* is the story of a songwriter who, when his wife leaves him, sets out to search for a woman who's a perfect 10 (on a scale of 1 to). This doesn't sound terribly promising by itself, but that's the least of the problems facing this production. The biggest? The absence of the star. George Segal didn't bother to show up for work on the first day of shooting; supposedly he objected to director Blake Edwards' treatment of the script, but Edwards said, in several trade paper interviews, that he was willing to make any changes Segal wanted—he'd even fire his wife, Julie Andrews, if that's what Segal wanted. Still no George. Edwards said that the company had hired Segal's wife as an associate producer for \$40,000, just to please the star. Still no sign of Segal, who also failed to show up for *Lucky Lady* several years ago and recently went A.W.O.L. during filming of *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* British actor Dudley Moore may replace Segal. More later.

IF THE SONG "HELLO WORLD, THIS HERE'S WRONG NUMBER" by The Credibility Gap is indeed pulled from the album *Rhine Royale* (reviewed in *Ampersand*, September '78) to meet country & western single demand, it will have an original never-before heard B side: "Nine False Kings," about a busload of Elvis lookalikes traveling to a gig at Elvis' grave in Memphis. The bus meets with an accident and the chorus, sung in fair Elvis style, goes "Burning bus, burning bus." Pester your local stores and stations.

Merry Musicals

EVITA, THE WEBBER-RICE MUSICAL about the whip-wielding blonde wife of Argentina's former dictator, will of course be a movie someday (with Robert Stigwood behind the project, try to stop it); the two women most often mentioned to play Evita are Bette Midler and Barbra Streisand, no less. Stigwood is dreaming about an All Star cast, with folks like Richard Dreyfuss in supporting roles, just like *Zippy*. As for Ms. Midler, we're told she will not remake *Gypsy* after all; at one point she was supposed to play Mama Rose to Brooke Shields' Gypsy Rose Lee.

IF THE FILM VERSION of Bob Fosse's *Chicago* ever gets made, it will probably star Marthe Keller and not Shirley MacLaine in the Chita Rivera role; Keller was originally a dancer until a skiing accident changed careers for her. The Gwen Verdon role in

(Continued on page 23)

Performance this good really isn't new from Technics. In fact, after all these years it's what you expect.

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N Ratio
0.06% WRMS	30 Hz-17 kHz CrO ₂ tape	67 dB Dolby [®] in

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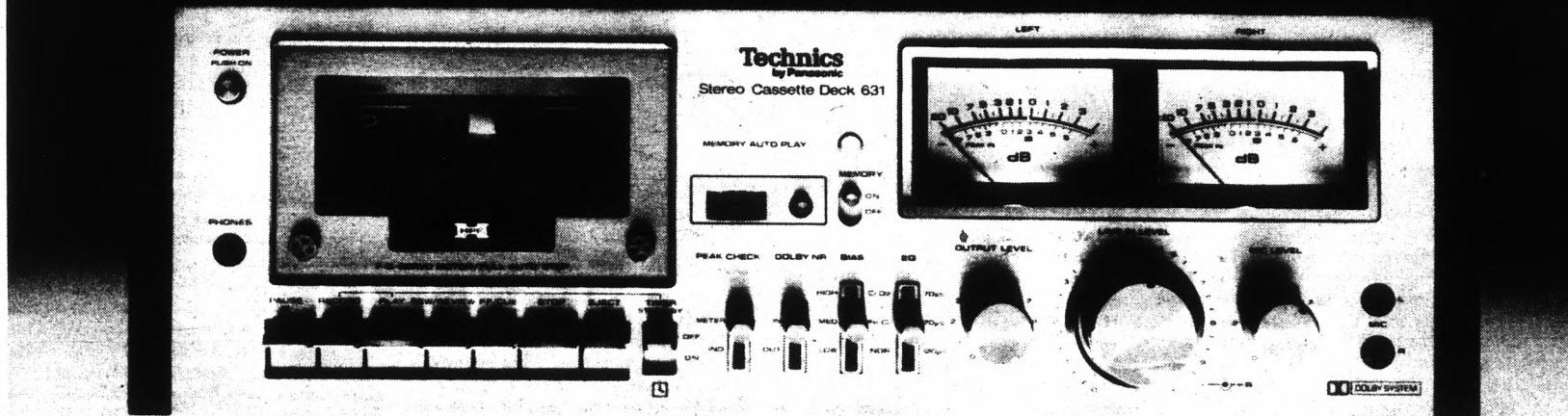
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Neil Young: a media blitz

Neil Young and Crazy Horse, Capitol Center, Largo, MD

It was clear from the start. This wasn't going to be your typical Neil Young concert. As the lights dimmed and Jimi Hendrix's contorted *Star Spangled Banner* reached a feverish pitch, the stage was swarming with creatures in hooded robes scampering about like so many wired gerbils. Dressed as *Star Wars* Sand People, Young's roadies (or road-eyes as he calls them, a reference to their red light-emitting Texas Instrument eyeballs) carried a mock ten-foot microphone to center stage where they struggled to upright it in a scene originally choreographed by Ira Hayes and the Marines on Iwo Jima some years back.

To the left of the stage stood Doctor Deaf and Professor Decibel, the custodians of a bogus MacIntosh amplifier the size of a small car. To the right a couple of Conehead clones formed a chorus of observers who watched intently as the road-eyes began to hoist a number of enormous trunks off the stage. Underneath the trunks lay four fabricated PA speakers and one sleeping Neil Young. Awakened by the applause, Young sat up, stretched out and surveyed the scene. He must have felt like he had stayed overnight at Alice Cooper's place.

As the concert got underway, the only nightmarish aspects to surface were the inordinately high sound levels maintained by the certifiably deaf Professor Decibel and the repetitious narrative from the movie *Woodstock* which ran during intermission. As for Young, his acoustic set was the most effective. His always vulnerable tenor served him well as he nonchalantly strolled around the stage as if he were playing for himself. Seldom did he acknowledge the monstrous props that surrounded him, which occasionally, on songs like "I Am a Child" and "Sugar Mountain," complemented his material. The freedom of movement Young enjoyed on stage, thanks to a wireless microphone, allowed him to transform an inherently theatrical setting into a natural one with remarkable ease. Throughout his acoustic set, Young performed some of his most familiar works, pausing momentarily to change harps or retreat to a nearby piano. The crowd chanted the names of a few favorites but for the most part requests for "Southern Man,"

"Heart of Gold" and the like went unnoticed. When Crazy Horse mounted the stage, Young displayed a heavy foot on the fuzztone pedal during solos that brought "Cortez the Killer" and "Like a Hurricane" to life despite the distorted levels and a curious backdrop: the flashing drum logo from the old *Shindig* TV show. Crazy Horse's abrasive approach to rock proved to be a perfect vehicle for Young's bittersweet lyrics and tenuous vocals. The group's powerful performance prompted two encores before the inevitable return of the Sand People.

The surrealistic staging with its bizarre allusions to pop culture artifacts was Young's creation; his sense of the absurd was always apparent, and his announcement that he plans to release a disco version of "Welfare Mothers Make Better Lovers" seemed almost plausible, considering the circumstances.

Mike Joyce

Ron Carter, Sonny Rollins & McCoy Tyner, with Al Foster, Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, CA

There was something vaguely artificial about this ensemble of three Milestone Records "Jazzstars" (plus hardworking drummer), in the sense that these are hardly musicians who would have toured together had they not been "packaged" by some imaginative entrepreneur or other (in this case, label chief Orrin Keepnews). There was also something vaguely wonderful about it, because when it worked it worked superbly.

There were no extraneous musicians and there was no electronic trickery (though Rollins' tenor *was* amplified). The musicians played as a quartet and in various trio, duo and solo contexts. Rollins sounded excellent throughout—joyous, assertive, proud, and seemingly overflowing with his rich, round tone. He was especially effective on the opening song, his own "The Cutting Edge," when he seemed to rip out of the thick ensemble textures like a machete; on his no-nonsense duo with Tyner on "In a Sentimental Mood" (which Rollins seemed to dedicate to Archie Shepp as much as to Ellington); and on a raucous calypso trio, "Don't Stop the Carnival," in which his music seemed to dance all over the stage.

Tyner, of course, is Tyner—a masterful

pianist with a room-filling orchestral sound and technique to burn. (Someone once remarked that he'd be a more interesting pianist if he lost a couple of fingers.) He was particularly beautiful on his own Debussy-like solo composition "A Little Pianissimo"; on Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Once I Loved" (which seems to refer harmonically to "Love for Sale"), he verged on the ponderous.

Carter has a wonderful sense of humor as a soloist and a wonderful sense of placement as an accompanist—and, certainly, the longest, strongest fingers in the world of jazz bass. His own solo, "Blue Monk," worked up to a series of fast, clean barres (or near-barres) that was truly stunning. Foster played sensibly throughout; his subtle comment behind Carter's solo on Tyner's "Nubia" and his own melodic solo on the same song were particularly tasteful.

Colman Andrews

The Blues Brothers, Universal Amphitheatre, Los Angeles

Dan Ackroyd and John Belushi debuted their "Blues Brothers" act on *Saturday Night Live* last year. It worked well enough there that they were invited to open Steve Martin's recent Los Angeles engagement and record a live album during the gig. Further appearances may follow, depending on the individual Brothers' schedules. They're not to be missed.

Whether or not you like the brand of Chicago-spawned blues sung and played by the Brothers, they're entertaining. On a basic, visual level, they're amusing: black suits, fedoras, shades; Belushi, the chief vocalist, does a peculiar little dance around the stage while Ackroyd, who plays harmonica, stands to the side and blows.

Only here's the *really* funny part: these men aren't kidding. Chicagoans themselves, they clearly love, respect, and understand the music they're playing. The visual appeal may be there, but Belushi isn't singing Junior Wells' "Messin' with the Kid" because of the tune's comedy potential. This is serious music, played and sung as such. Same goes for King Floyd's reggae number, "Groove Me," (though the delivery was pretty funny, what with Belushi's interjections of gratuitous reggae-related phrases like "Guava jelly!" and "Rastaman vibration!") during

instrumental breaks.) The only totally hilarious number during the entire performance was Ackroyd's sole vocal spot, a reading of the Chips' hopelessly obscure "Rubber Biscuit," which consists chiefly of some bass scatting. Record collectors who hear this one will faint. Anyone who's even heard of the song is clearly no dilettante.

The band hired to back the Blues Brothers included such high-priced L.A. session types as reedman Tom Scott; Matt "Guitar" Murphy, who's played with Muddy Waters and James Cotton; and Steve Cropper, the legendary Memphis r&b guitarist-songwriter-producer.

Laugh all you want to, but these guys may do more for the blues than any band since the days when J. Geils had something to offer.

Del Porter

Jerry Brown, East Plaza, San Francisco State University, San Francisco

He's pretty. He does it with Linda Ronstadt. He smokes drugs, maybe, and he wants to be your President. How can you refuse?

If elected in 1980, Jerry would be the nation's first rock and roll Chief Executive. (Jimmy by that time having crumbled to dust, if we're lucky.) But for now he's got to convince those old odious Powers That Be that he won't really change things, or else he'll get himself shot.

But They could let him ease us into the alternatives. In that necessary part in presidential politics called Knowing the Country's Destiny (Without Ever Quite Being Able to Say What It Is, and therefore Please As Many People As Possible), Jerry takes it in the first heat. His spacey, coherent rhetoric reads like a travelogue of the future—fantastic changes in store for us all.

But before he can be President he must be re-elected Governor.

Jerry kicked off his second gubernatorial campaign in California at a noon-time rally at San Francisco State. We flocked to it like drones. Our chance with the Shell Answer Man.

These meetings—they're forums where various kinds of people beat their meat. Jerry does it in a three-piece suit. He does it by appealing to the best in people: "If I try to open up the government. Not in some vague, abstract way, but in a very specific way." He spoke of more minority and women appointments than ever before. He rattled off a list of state-wide innovations that left the rest of the world in the dust. But he was realistic.

"These aren't problems we solve once and we're done. It's a process to be lived, to be struggled through, to be enjoyed. And I'm asking you to give me a chance to suffer for another four years (laughter), to enjoy another four years . . . As I said four years ago, we need a new spirit in Sacramento, and now I say there's no substitute for experience."

"You know, sometimes I hear it said that it's all style and no substance. Well, I would only call your attention to that list of things, and reply by saying I'm running against five (Republican contenders) who have neither style nor substance. For that reason alone you ought to elect me!"

True . . . there are these creepy *deja vu* to Adolph Hitler, say circa 1924. Young, charismatic, hits you in the gut with your pride . . . but they pass. It feels like Brown's on your side.

And a Brown Administration would be an improvement over the present keepers of the castle. Come to think of it . . . I voted for JB for President in '76 in the primary, and never did get around to voting for James Earl Carter.

Joel Patterson

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They listened for the subtle differences in component parts that make the immeasurable differences in the final product—changing, refining, in effect tuning the instrument until a receiver emerged that sounded exactly the way they wanted it to sound.

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PRODUCED BY STEPHEN BISHOP ON ABC RECORDS AND GRT TAPES



BY MICHAEL GLYNN

"Something's wrong in there."

Jerry Casale, a.k.a. Jerry Devo, points to his head and rears back in laughter. The topic is mad scientists, which he and his four fellow Devo-tees can instantly identify with. As self-appointed Boris Karloffs of modern music, they enjoy creating a little mayhem of their own.

"Our music is mutations, combinations, fusions and pieces put together in a new way that completely alters the picture of the songs they were removed from. Kind of scientific."

Devo (short for "the de-evolution band") has a message to its madness. Responding to the tug of genetic destiny, the "spud boys," as they describe themselves, got together at the inception of the Seventies in Akron, Ohio. Although they shared little in terms of musical style at the time, their attitudes toward life around them provided a common ground. They could all tell that . . . things were falling apart.

Living in the Rubber City had provided the impetus for such ideas, but articulating them in some concrete fashion was another thing. In 1972, Devo began to take form.

"It just got more and more organized. Things started moving in one direction. It was like water changing to ice."

Devo became not only the name of the group but of the human condition on the planet as well. The masses were known as "spuds" because of their rather ordinary nature. Devo could accept this fact of life but the other spuds could not. Egos tended to get in the way, as they often do. The apes were in command.

Meanwhile, Devo, feeling more than a little alien themselves, continued to observe. The information which they gathered was put into song.

"People aren't in control. The forces that drive them are biology, fear of death, sex and food. That's devo. They develop these elaborate, lofty ideas about why they are doing things and they ignore the gut level information about themselves and the world. It starts some psychotic reality because nobody will admit the truth."

Finding gigs became considerably harder for the band. No one in Akron wanted to hire a group that wore yellow factory suits and grotesque masks onstage. It didn't help that their songs were about pinheads, mongoloids and paranoia accompanied by jerky, quirky metallic sounds. Like good little apes, however, they persevered.

"The fittest shall survive but the unfit will live."

Two other aliens from other regions of the planet, a Bowie and an Eno, found some merit in what these spuds were doing. Luckily for Devo, these were two influential beings. The boys were duly rewarded for their efforts with a recording contract.

The saga of Devo, however, neither begins nor ends here. It's all just part of the ongoing process as they continue to follow the commands of Mr. DNA. Like most other normal bands, they must follow certain conventions to support their recently released album. This means rehearsing and touring. After meeting the guys at their manager's office, it becomes very clear that these spuds ask for no particular favors. In fact, they see it as their duty to spread the word of Devo around, albeit a pleasant one.

"Let's put it this way, if you do it in a basement, it doesn't matter how hip you are. The nature of society is corporate. The nature of art is popular. We're a rollerball team for the corporation. We're a musical rollerball team. We have both limitations and freedoms like everyone else. You just do your bit as best you can to fulfill your function."

Despite the obvious rhetoric which surrounds the concept of de-evolution, the band members themselves seem ingenuous and honest. They readily admit that while they are Devo, they are also individuals and remain as such outside of the group set-up.

"Individuals manifest their identity rather than presenting it *a priori*. In any system, an up front person develops. Devo started out a lot more anarchic than it is now but for the sake of communicating with people it had to become a lot more ritualized."

If anything, the band sees their ideas as being realistic without being cynical. There is no need to get uptight over the fact that many of the notions we hold so dear and dear can be shattered as easily as glass. Jerry offers an example.

"There is no reason to believe that we can't accept the idea that people aren't equal. The only reason we can't is because we put a bad value on that way of thinking. Everyone seems to feel that they have to be the martyr/hero, like in the movies, where it's you against the world."

This line of thought extends directly into their music, naturally. "Shrivel Up" satirically pinpoints the problem in taking commonly held ideas as the last word.

*well it's a god-given fact (that
you can't go back)
it's a god-given law that
you're gonna lose your maw
it's a god-given fact you gotta
buy 'em by the sack*

©1978 Devo Music/Virginia Music, Ltd.

By reducing everything to such an absurd level, it becomes a little easier to get past the protective defenses we will inevitably create. Conspiracy through comedy, perhaps? Humor becomes a technique, one of many in the Devo arsenal.

Don't get the impression that they're out to attack or put one over on you. They prefer to look at what they do as an alternative or "a parallel reality." They are not so pompous or pretentious to believe that everything they say should be taken literally. Then again, Devo doesn't sweep things under the rug.

"We are the guy floating around in the Ty-D-Bowl tank. Devo is king of the clean-up squad for the flaccid Seventies. As long as there are dirty bowls there will be a use for us. Who doesn't need a maintenance firm?"

They smile at each other silently agreeing that the janitorial position is fine with them. After all, they tend to dress the part, even offstage, favoring Army-Navy surplus clothing and mechanics' coveralls. The style, they claim, had been dictated by a financial reality back in Ohio. More importantly, however, is the fact that their inexpensive antifashion visually reinforces the band concept of anonymity and similarity. They point out that it is also quite comfortable.

Devo music, like their ideas, may be demanding on the surface but they hope that it doesn't scare anyone away. Although they do incorporate a variety of electronic effects, it remains primal at the core. The crux of the biscuit is to stimulate the sensibilities rather than attack.

"We have at least three levels of reality happening at once. As long as we're playing at the same time, in the same key, it doesn't matter that you're hearing different expressions musically. Without the jungle beat, any of the layers wouldn't matter."

The responsibility, they insist, lies in our willingness to decide things for ourselves. Self-determination, though they don't use that particular phrase, is key in promoting a new level of awareness.

"People, rather than being passive receptacles, should embody a principle within themselves. That's what Devo is all about. We don't want anybody to listen to us because we're commercial but we don't want anybody to not listen to us because we're not. Those are both stupid. We should always be able to make distinctions, eat information and spit it back out. Don't take anything as religion. We invite people into the process. We encourage imitation."

The cavemen seem restless at this point. Alan, the drummer, fidgets in his chair and Jerry gets up to visit the men's room. Mark, lead singer in charge of genetic special effects, leans over the tape recorder and hollers into it.

"Do you hear me!! He went to take a pee!!!"

Jerry re-enters the room with a large stuffed animal resembling Wile E. Coyote. He's holding it like a divining rod.

Breaking his concentration as he looks for water under the rug, he says:

"Anybody who's honest with themselves will like us."

"Who's honest?"

"We don't know . . . Those who still get off on the enema, fart or the belly laugh . . . whoever is in touch with the poot mechanism."

&

Mike Glynn first saw Ampersand while attending Northwestern University last year. He waited until graduating with a major in English lit and creative writing before moving to Los Angeles and contacting us, else you'd have been hearing from him sooner.

THE SPUDS WHO ATE AKRON

On Screen

THE BIG FIX, starring Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach and Bonnie Bedelia; written by Roger Simon; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan.

Ah, those fabulous Sixties! Viet Nam, tear gas, protest marches, sit-ins, assassinations, Kent State. Those were the days, right kids?

If you too are feeling sentimental about political and social upheaval, then this movie is for you. It has the political sensibility of an amoeba, but it pretends to deal with the problem of a displaced Sixties radical, one Moses Wine, detective (Dreyfuss), trying to survive in a culture that ignores or rejects everything he once stood for. A perfectly legitimate subject for a film, but this bastardized piece of mush treats the "glorious" Sixties like fondly remembered backseat sex in Golden Gate Park.

The plot, like all good detective-story plots, is convoluted and somewhat confusing: dirty tricks in a California (where else?) gubernatorial election. A Sixties radical figurehead resurfaces from a long nap underground to "endorse" a candidate who doesn't want to be endorsed. There's also a Cesar Chavez type, an Abbie Hoffman type, and a nasty rich right winger, not to mention two stupid candidates for governor. Dreyfuss has an est-bound ex-wife (Bedelia), a rekindled old flame (Anspach), and two cute kids. Throughout this morass, Dreyfuss is relentlessly adorable, except for his unfortunate tendency to choke and twitch and cry whenever he's struck by an emotion more serious than joy. There are many nice touches: his relationship with his sons; his solitary, intense and continuous game of Clue; his ever-changing story of how he broke his arm; and his wonderful Aunt Sonya, an unrepentant communist who tells stories of workers and mass production instead of Mother Goose. But these are isolated sketches and fail to make the whole any more wholesome.

The blame for much of this is on Dreyfuss, since he co-produced the film and has said in several interviews (one in the October *Ampersand*) that he too was a passionate Sixties radical. He apparently believes this is a serious look at how the Seventies have co-opted the values of the Sixties; when the Abbie Hoffman-type quips, "It's hard to be a radical in this country, it's hard to say no to all the goodies," he says it while cooking hamburgers on a barbecue beside his pool which he acquired after changing his identity and making a good living as . . . an advertising executive!

Sharing the blame with Dreyfuss are director Kagan, who gave us the blighted *Heroes*, and Roger Simon, writer (of the book, too). If this is the best these self-appointed radicals can do, it's enough to make me a conservative.

Judith Sims

A DREAM OF PASSION, starring Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn; written, produced and directed by Jules Dassin.

An internationally famous Greek film actress, Mercouri, returns to her native land to star in a stage production of *Medea*, Euripides' epic tale of marital infidelity and revenge; as a publicity stunt she arranges to visit an American woman imprisoned for killing her three children, a woman dubbed "the modern Medea" by the press. Mercouri, haunted by Burstyn, returns later and in subsequent visits tries to understand

Burstyn's mind and motives, an exercise that becomes much more than mere research for the role of Medea.

The scenes between Mercouri and Burstyn are so powerful they make the rest of the film almost disappear, but even under the best conditions the supporting players would sound and look phoney. Perhaps director-writer-producer (and Mercouri's husband) Dassin wanted to emphasize the parasitic posturing of the theatrical crowd, but he didn't have to do it with such completely unconvincing actors, namely Andreas Voutsinas as the director and Yannis Voglis as a BBC interviewer. In one uncomfortable scene, the theatre folk are hanging around chatting about acting, as is their wont, and about actors who put themselves into their roles; Mercouri cites Brando's monologue in *Last Tango in Paris* as an example of self-revelatory acting, and then proceeds to a little self-revelation of her own in front of the handy BBC camera. Are we to imagine this is Mercouri being Mercouri, or Mercouri as Maya the actress? The introspection is unconvincing, shallow; when she raves about beating her unwanted child from her 18-year-old body, it's pure histrionics.

But Burstyn, god, she's amazing. Her character, Brenda, is a mad woman, buried in religion to ease her pain and remorse; she's compelling, riveting, and utterly believable. Her eyes wander off, unfocused; she's touchingly grateful for attention and flowers, suddenly violent and brutal when thwarted in any way. The re-enactment of her children's murder is one of the most painful things I've ever watched . . . and we don't actually see the murder. The irony is that simple-minded Brenda, whose handwriting is like a child's, who built her whole life around her husband and could not forgive his infidelity, is immensely more tragic and dramatic than Medea, the epic figurehead. I don't think it was planned that way; I think Burstyn made that happen.

This is, ultimately, a film about woman's rage against man, and one woman's vengeance, as terrible as her pain; another woman, from an entirely different world,

comes to understand that pain. Thanks to Burstyn, we all understand.

J.S.

SOMEBODY KILLED HER HUSBAND, with Jeff Bridges and Farrah Fawcett-Majors; written by Reginald Rose; directed by Lamont Johnson.

Somebody Killed Her Husband is a lethal dose of ridiculousness, contrivance and sheer stupidity. While trying to recapture the charm and suspense of an old Audrey Hepburn lady-in-distress film, *Husband* turns into a travesty instead of a *Charade*.

The plot is incredibly familiar. A misunderstood wife, Fawcett, meets an understanding man, Bridges, and they fall in love at first sight (this being a movie) right in the toy department of Macy's. He is an aspiring children's book writer and she once dabbled in illustrations; not that either pursuit is pursued once they fall into each other's arms. The story begins when Fawcett's husband, an insurance executive, is murdered moments before she is going to tell him about Bridges. For reasons that never make sense, Bridges and Fawcett decide they can't go to the police (who will think they did it); instead they put the dead body in the deep freeze (the benefits of a well-equipped kitchen) and set out to find the killers.

There is the usual array of predictable plot twists and a few quirky supporting players for spice. Bridges struggles valiantly to be as adorable as Richard Dreyfuss in *The Goodbye Girl*, but the *Husband* script, by the once-competent Reginald Rose (one of the glitter boys from TV's golden age) is pathetic. And Farrah? Well, she's quite nice. I'm not sure movie superstars are ever made by being quite nice, but at least she doesn't have to be embarrassed, even if she may have to stick to television.

The real mystery is why an actor as talented as Jeff Bridges would be involved in this sort of tripe. Especially after *King Kong*. This not-yet-30-year-old cut his teeth in admirable movies such as *The Last Picture Show*, a dramatization of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* and *Fat City*. Right now he seems intent on throwing away his career.

Jacoba Atlas

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE? starring George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset and Robert Morley; written by Peter Stone; directed by Ted Kotcheff.

The book on which this film is based (titled *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*) and the movie itself promise all sorts of gluttonous, epicurean pleasures with a plot about the systematic murder of haute chefs in the manner of their specialties: Pressed Duck becomes Pressed Chef, and so on. But none of the promises are fulfilled; we're left with a Chinese dinner, after which we hunger for a real movie.

George Segal, as a junk food tycoon, is doggedly cute, mugging, snuggling and smirking at his ex-wife and Great Dessert Chef, Bisset. She is awesomely gorgeous, but her treatment of light comedy is to raise her voice to shrillness and exaggerate her English accent, although she plays an American. This is no *Touch of Class*, alas, except for Morley who, as an overbearing epicure, waddles away with his scenes; he's the only one who sounds completely at ease uttering the contorted epithets that pass for dialogue. Said dialogue occasionally descends to abysmal depths, as when Bisset remarks, after the death of one chef who was roasted in his own oven, that he would "never overcook meat that way."

Director Kotcheff, who gave us the small jewel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and the unwieldy rhinestone *Fun with Dick and Jane*, directs *Chefs* as if listening to a private symphony of rimshots and laugh tracks—nothing is underplayed.

The grand tour of European locations consists of several hotel entrances and restaurant interiors; they might as well be sets for all the trouble taken to identify such palatial palaces as Tour D'Argent or Maxim's. Bisset's clothes (by Judy Moorcroft) make her look as if she's auditioning for the lead in *Nanook of the North*, while the soundtrack alternates between shrieking loudness and unintelligibility. Even the food is disappointing; supervised by hotshot chef Paul Bocuse, the feasts are visually overwhelming but not really appetizing. Bisset's specialty, La Bombe Richelieu, is laughable; it looks like an enormous igloo. It was more fun reading the recipes in the book.

I'll be mightily surprised if several reviewers don't call this "a witty soufflé" or at least "a glittering concoction," what with all the food, but it's really just a smidgeon of Brie on a giant Ritz cracker.

J.S.

Morley, Bisset & Segal and a chocolate bombe in Who's Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?



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**RITA MAE BROWN,
author of *Rubyfruit Jungle*,
has written a new novel.**

Sweeping through three generations and the years 1909 to 1980, *Six of One* tells the stories of "the women who, in any small town, become the subjects of a lot of gossip and legend, both affectionate and malicious." It is a celebration of life itself, and Rita Mae Brown writes with "the same effervescent yet secure trust in her local characters that Eudora Welty feels for hers."

"The jaunty, naturalistic tone that made Brown's earlier novel *Rubyfruit Jungle* such a success is at work again. This is a lively and very lovely book." —Publishers Weekly

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1



on disc

BLONDIE
Parallel Lines (*Chrysalis*)

Strange forces are at work here. In the wake of the predictable media focus on Deborah Harry as sex kitten, there's been a publicity campaign to the effect that Blondie is a group and not just Debbie Harry and . . . so you figure *Parallel Lines* would be more of a group showcase, right? Well, producer Mike Chapman has buried the instrumental backing in the mix, thus masking its power and throwing even more emphasis on Debbie's lead vocals (which sound just fine and are more varied than on past efforts). Worse still, Blondie's blend of Sixties pop innocence and street-wise Seventies sensibilities has a decidedly cold, calculated feel to it here. "Picture This" and "Pretty Baby" have a certain mechanical charm but the only non-original, Buddy Holly's "I'm Gonna Love You Too," is the one song that captures the feeling of fun that made the band's first two albums so inviting. There's a distance to the material that doesn't bode well for the future and I just hope that Blondie hasn't become so concerned with making it big that they've forgotten why they wanted to make music in the first place.

Don Snowden

BOB & BOB
(*M.I.T.B. Records*)

The second album by this L.A. duo goes Jonathan Richman one step better in eulogizing the mundane aspects of life. In a classic *faux naïf* comic tradition, Bob & Bob attempt to make some sense out of this crazy world with songs like "Take Pride in Your Accomplishments," and "If You've Got Free Time Use It Well." You get the feeling they really *would* like to help, and there's an undercurrent of affection for the things they lampoon that infuses the album with heart as well as humor.

Musically, the album is a stylistic grab-bag that ranges from sophisticated scatting to the skating rink Muzak of the mighty Wurlitzer. Like most artists who refuse to concede to obviousness, Bob & Bob will no doubt skim over the heads of many listeners and will probably remain unsung geniuses. That's too bad, because they are funny.

Available by mail only: \$6.00, P.O. Box 6461, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Kristine McKenna

BOBBY CALDWELL
(*Clouds*)

I don't know why it strikes me as strange. Caldwell has put together a smooth set of laid-back soulful tunes which, on the whole, owes a debt of inspiration to the Commodores and George Benson, among others. It's definitely music for the times and moods which usually coincide after midnight: very romantic. It's even been chalking up respectable airplay on black radio stations around the nation. Caldwell tosses in his own licks on guitar, bass and keys proving he's not just another pretty larynx. The strange part is, nowhere on the album is there any indication that Bobby Caldwell is of the Caucasian persuasion. The cover features a man in silhouette on a park bench and a beautiful

bloated red-orange sun to one side. It gets my vote for tastefully understated album cover of the year. Too bad the man had to utilize a visual alias for his listeners. At least he seems to have done his career some good.

John Krout

CHRISTLIEB/MARSH QUINTET
Apogee (*Warner Bros.*)

This album deserves some sort of award as Unusual Jazz Idea of the Year. Warne Marsh was one of the most imaginative jazz improvisors of the Fifties and early Sixties; his match, his soul-mate, was Lee Konitz, and both played with the remarkable pianist Lennie Tristano in what amounted to their own strange, wondrous little enclave of the avant-garde. Pete Christlieb is younger, and a prominent studio musician (he's in the house band on *The Tonight Show*) with a ready versatility of style and, at best, a rough, fluid, Southwestern reed sound. All the two men would appear to have in common at first is that both play tenors. The second and third things they have in common become obvious soon, though: both are supremely fine and confident players, and both—for whatever reasons—know their way around bop music inside and out. This is a hard-driving, mostly up-tempo set of wonderfully old-fashioned but fresh music. There are plenty of long unison passages, themes and otherwise, for the horns (two bop reedmen playing in tandem is, to me, one of the most beautiful sounds in music), and the rhythm section—Lou Levy on piano, Jim Hughart on bass and Nick Ceroli on drums—stalks and struts and kicks with calm professional confidence. Levy (who is hardly a major jazz pianist) sounds particularly inspired and swings particularly hard. Walter Becker and Donald Fagan, of the rock group Steely Dan, produced the LP and even wrote one respectable bop chart, "Rapunzel" (based on the changes to the Bacharach/David song "Land of Make Believe").

Colman Andrews

DAVID COVERDALE
Snake Bite (*United Artists*)

David Coverdale, a former lead singer with Deep Purple, has put out this album with a side of "solo" material and a side recorded with his new band, Whitesnake. The songs are mostly blues-rock with the predictable heavy Deep Purple bass line, punctuated by Coverdale's fine voice—it's reminiscent of Paul Rodgers', but more like a student than an imitator. Coverdale may not have Rodgers' vocal range, but his phrasing is every bit as timely and precise.

Although none of the songs are particularly original, they are all performed well and make up, on the whole, a very pleasant album. There's nothing too complicated; just nice, simple rock music to sit back and relax to.

The emotions set forth in the lyrics are identical to those in just about any other hard rock album of the last decade. And the lyrics are just about the same, too: forgettable. Why hard rockers can't seem to write about anything other than sex and love is a question for a bigger mind than mine.

Coverdale's voice seems especially suited to blues-rock, and his solo work has given



him the opportunity, missed in Deep Purple, to show off his talents. He hasn't wasted the chance.

Michael J. Backus

ANDRAE CROUCH AND THE DISCIPLES
Live in London (*Light*)

Crossing the teachings of the Holiness Church with, frequently, the contemporary r&b feel of Marvin Gaye and Earth, Wind & Fire, Crouch has come up with something that's both modern and ageless. The singer-pianist has a sense of humor; that's welcome, too. This two-disc set is fairly well edited, handsomely packaged, and as good an introduction to Crouch and his talented troupe as could be imagined.

Ray C. Robinson

DAVE EDMUNDS

Tracks on Wax 4 (*Swan Song*)

You may know Dave Edmunds for his best-selling single, "I Hear You Knocking," some years back, or as part of the Rockpile band that backed pure popster Nick Lowe on his recent tour. He's an English singer-guitarist with an abiding passion for the pure teen romance found in rockabilly, classic rockers like Chuck Berry and early Sixties pop. Usually he does one of those three-years-in-the-studio, one-man-band perfectionist numbers, but this time Edmunds has chosen to record with Rockpile (he and Lowe share the leadership duties, so on Rockpile's current tour, *Dave* gets to stand in the middle and make all the announcements) and feature mostly original material by band members rather than loving re-creations of vintage classics. The results are mixed, with some ordinary songs and a somewhat one-dimensional sound that lacks the stylistic variety of last year's excellent *Get It* being the chief drawbacks. Still, fully half of the songs here are choice cuts, and the verse of "What Looks Best on You" is almost worth the price of the record alone. *Tracks on Wax 4* isn't the best album Edmunds has ever made (*Get It* probably is), but the vitality of his lean, hard-rockin' approach makes it worthwhile.

Don Snowden

ROBERTA FLACK
(*Atlantic*)

Nine songs—three moods. There are dancing tunes, sobbin' songs, and easy-listening mellow. The danceable numbers clearly stand out as the best. In Donna Summer-style, Flack really flaunts her voice on "What a Woman Really Needs," "Independent Man" (terrific alto sax!), and "Baby I Love You So."

The sobbin' songs represent the second mood, headed up by Flack's rendition of "You Are Everything," an old Stylistics heartbreaker revisited. "If Ever I See You Again" is a good song, and it would be even better if it weren't affiliated with the movie of the same name. "When It's Over" has a sad piano style that gives it a true blues feeling.

The remaining three moods could be melted together and played backwards and they would make about the same impact. They don't have the definite mood or emotion that Flack needs to pull at our hearts or work up the sweat, yet in all the songs, class and exactness are apparent. The main goal seems to be diversity with intensity. Nice try.

Amy Fischer

WAYLON JENNINGS
I've Always Been Crazy (*RCA*)

The album has enough moments, chiefly instrumental, to qualify it as one of Jennings' better recent efforts. But he would have shown some real "outlaw" class and imagi-

nation if he'd released the material in the "Buddy Holly Medley" four years ago when he recorded it. Coming out now, it smacks of cheap trendiness and capitalizing on someone else's efforts, neither of which speaks well for Ol' Waylon. And I don't know what to make of his five-year-old slowed-down version of "I Walk the Line." Ralph Mooney, Jennings' steel player, was probably on Merle Haggard's original recording of "The Bottle Let Me Down," which gives this new version some historical interest.

Todd Everett

PETER C. JOHNSON
(*A&M*)

This unexpected offering by totally unknown Johnson comes close to being my choice as

album of the year. It was ostensibly recorded at Peter C.'s home; fortunately, he was able to convince talented pals like Nils Lofgren, Andy Pratt, Freebo, and the Batteau brothers to drop by for punch, cookies and overdubs. But the chief talent here is Johnson's, as he sings, plays (keyboards and guitars), and writes some quite astonishing, truly original material. What's it sound like? Imagine Donovan during his best years, brought into the mid-Seventies, and you'll be partly there. "Snowblind" is the only drug song I've liked since "Eight Miles High." (Oh. That wasn't a drug song? Sorry.) The album's first two cuts are the weakest; give it a chance past that point and you'll have something new to tell your friends about. Promise.

T.E.

NICOLETTE LARSON
(*Warner Bros.*)

There are a lot of contenders these days for the turf Linda Ronstadt once had all to herself. The latest is Nicolette Larson, a full-voiced country rocker who got her foot in the door singing backup for vocalists including Hoyt Axton and Neil Young. Her debut album kicks off to a rousing start with the Holland-Dozier-Holland classic, "Baby, Don't You Do It," a song so great it's virtually unwreckable. Things then proceed to get a little confused as she leaps to a country tearjerker by the Louvin brothers, whereon she sounds exactly like Emmylou Harris. The album goes on to include a variety of

(Continued on page 28)

The Big Kiss-Off of 1978

Along with every other publication to have printed less than fawning reviews of *The Band Critics Love to Hate*, we at *Ampersand* have received our share of angry letters from outraged soldiers in the Kiss Army. They say that we're unfair; that we don't give Ace, Gene, Paul and Peter a fair shake. OK. Here's the fairest chance that Kiss is ever going to receive; totally unprejudiced reviews, based solely on the albums' musical merit.

All of this was brought on by the simultaneous release of solo efforts by each member of the band. We selected four reviewers representative of *Ampersand's* extensive college readership: two male, two female; one from the East Coast, one from the West, and two from the Midwest; two in college, and two just out. All have expressed an affinity to hard rock, though not expressly Kiss.

John Krout lives and works in Arlington, Virginia. His first work to appear in *Ampersand* was a concert review, last year, while he was still in college. Amy Fischer is a journalism major at Northern Illinois University, and adds that she's currently flunking French 102. Shelly Fisher organized a teen-oriented column for a Reno newspaper when

ACE FREHLEY (*Casablanca*)
[ROBIN STRANGE]

First the bad news, then the good. The bad news is that somebody has secretly cloned Cheap Trick, those zany crunch-rockers from Chicago, and hired out the full-grown results. Cheap Trick probably isn't too happy about that since their own musical identity is none too firmly rooted in the minds of American vinyl consumers. The good news is that breeding alone does not a band make: Robin and his cohorts have inherited none of their forerunners' talent for melodies or satirical wit. And they haven't learned any tricks of their own, either. No amount of fuzz-chord thrashing can disguise the fact that Robin Strange reduces minimalist music to the trivial. So . . . America is still safe for Cheap Trick. Back to the test tube, Robin.

John Krout

GENE SIMMONS (*Casablanca*)

Ah, where do I start? The album suffers from several things, but lack of cohesion is as bad as any of them. Some of the songs contain Who-like guitar riffs, some of them sound like a latter day Kinks song (with [Simmons] doing his own interpretation, imitation, or whatever of Ray Davies) and some of the songs sound sort of like ELO. But there is no single cohesive force, no certain style to tie the songs together.

The 11 cuts on this album share only one thing and that is wretched overproduction. Every song is heavily laden with unneeded orchestral strings, choir backing, synthesizers and anything else you can think of.

The strings don't add to the music, they fight against it. And [Simmons] also suffers

she was fourteen. Since then, she's attended the University of Utah and settled in the same valley as Robert Redford and the Osmonds. And Michael J. Backus, whom some of you may remember from his feisty letter to "In One Ear" last issue, is a journalism major at Purdue. All except Krout are here making their first assigned contributions to *Ampersand*.

To ensure that opinions be unbiased, we sent each reviewer an unmarked "white-label" test pressing of one album, before its official release, eliminating any chance of seeing it in stores or hearing it on the radio. So that the reviewers wouldn't suspect what we were up to, we supplied a fictitious artist's name for each album, explaining that the artist was "a new band from New York," and a list of correct song titles; nothing more. The results follow.

(The first, John Krout's assessment of Ace Frehley's album, appears as we received it. "Robin Strange" is who he thought he was listening to. In the interest of clarity, the singers' actual names have been substituted for the pseudonyms in the other three reviews).

from a lack of good material. There isn't one outstanding cut on this album and all but maybe one or two are totally forgettable. The best cuts ("Burning up with Fever," "See You in Your Dreams") are hardly original but feature a nice, thumping base line and riffish guitar work.

[Simmons'] lyrics are nearly as forgettable as the music. He does make a stab or two (and misses) at humor in a song called "Living in Sin" and a couple of others that I've forgotten (see!).

[Gene Simmons] seems not to know what he wants to do and unless he finds out quickly, he's in a lot of trouble.

Michael J. Backus

PAUL STANLEY (*Casablanca*)

[Stanley's] lack of novelty intimates that if he played warm-up at a concert, he wouldn't be encored. Misusing the album concept of pleasing both rockers and sleepers, he clumsily retreats to the acid rock of early Seventies, locking himself into a time warp of imitation. His song titles display void cleverness that is also found in his lyrics, and the instrumentation competes with itself and the vocals.

He's not stupid, though; amidst remnants of rock rubble sweetly sit the Eagle-istic "Ain't Quite Right" and Manilow-ic "Hold Me, Touch Me." likely candidates for AM hit singles. The rest is bad, loud rock.

[Stanley] hasn't a style uniquely his own: he begins side one with "Tonight You Belong to Me," a "soft" that's barraged by R.E.O.-ish rock, followed by a Montrose-saic piece called "Move On." "Wouldn't You Like to Know Me" might find its way to Nugent-

mentality fans, but even that appeal is suspect. The clincher for the side is "Take Me Away," a dreamy starter, but it too explodes like a rowdy guest at a quiet party. The second side continues with macho-egotism; ". . . want me to stay satisfied, It's Alright." Next, a Steppenwolf-ish howler called "Love in Chains" uses the worn, unrequited, drooling-passion theme. Finally, it's a Grand Funk kiss-off with "Goodbye"; a most welcome thought, indeed!

Overall, this album fails to reflect the blending and expansion of techniques and styles in today's music. More importantly, it does not present us with a clear picture of who or what [Paul Stanley] is. The album really isn't that bad; it's just nothing!

Shelly Fisher

PETER CRISS (*Casablanca*)

Joe Cocker did it with "You Are So Beautiful." Rod Stewart does it all the time. But [Peter Criss] doesn't do it enough. The husky voice sings the tender love song. It starts out slow and soft. Intensity builds. The voice scrapes for a high note. Then it is tender again. Like a good steak—tender but meaty. Three cuts on this solo album, "Easy Thing," "Kiss the Girl Goodbye," and "I Can't Stop the Rain," have that elusive combination. If only the remaining songs had some redeeming quality. But they don't. As for originality, the lyrics sound like they could have come off of any Boston, Foreigner, or Stones album. When does all the work get done if everybody's in the back room making love? Still, there are definite possibilities for [Criss] if he decides to go with the toned-down style. Three of the songs on the disc prove it.

Amy Fischer

Hand-Made Movies

What's Up, Doc?

BY DARRYLE PURCELL, SANDY BAKER
& BECKY SUE EPSTEIN

You spent hours in front of the television as a child, watching Mickey Mouse and Rocky and Bullwinkle. Your mother took you to see re-releases of *Bambi* and *Pinocchio* on a Saturday afternoon. When you moved out of the house, you went, stoned, to *Fantasia* and *Fritz the Cat*. Now you look at TV on an occasional Saturday morning and you can't believe that anyone could be mesmerized by that junk. Today it seems that the only acceptable premise for the Saturday morning animated film is one in which a group of teenagers who have nonexistent parents travel around the country with their dog performing as a rock group. Occasionally the group will be chased by mad scientists. Most of the gags used in the programs are puns that radio turned down in its infancy, and the only action is "Look out! Here comes a mad scientist!" Unless something changes soon there seems to be no hope.

But there is hope. It won't be found on Saturday morning television, but there are rays of light peeping through the Hanna-Barbera wilderness. Ralph Bakshi's full-length version of *Lord of the Rings* will be released soon, and *Watership Down* (based on the best-selling rabbit parable) is just out; television commercials (Levi's, 7-Up, Chevron, etc.) and specials (*Puff the Magic Dragon*, *Raggedy Ann & Andy in the Great Santa Claus Caper*) are more dazzling than ever. Perhaps the best news of all: Warner Bros. has once again commissioned short cartoons to be shown in theatres. Bugs Bunny and Roadrunner. How we've missed them.

Ralph Bakshi (*Fritz the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*, *Coonskin* and *Wizards*) has filmed the entire story of *Lord of the Rings* in live action (in Spain) and trained a group of 300 animators for the transformation of this reality, through the use of the rotoscope, into his version of Middle Earth.

In the past, Bakshi has been attacked for just about everything he's ever done. His early films were criticized for their sex, violence and dirty words; his later ones were panned by fellow animators as having less than complete animation (Bakshi integrated some live action footage into his films) and for being unsustained in plot. Sitting in his Hollywood offices, Bakshi gave the impression that he wouldn't have been there unless his publicist had dragged him in (for the sake of publicizing *Lord of the Rings*), and that if the publicist hadn't stayed, Bakshi would have bolted.

In a somewhat hostile, bewildered fashion, he contradicted all the press releases sent out on the new film, and then he contradicted his own earlier statements, as if he felt like a poor-but-honest animator caught in the big-money game of Hollywood film production. Though Bakshi admits he plans to direct a live-action feature sometime soon, he claims that "animation can do films stronger than live action." Paradoxically, the very animators who criticize Bakshi are hoping *Lord of the Rings* will be a hit; that would mean more work for everyone.

Murakami-Wolf-Swenson Films is another member of this new crop of animators, and the company behind *Puff the Magic Dragon*, a half-hour special for television. Chuck Swenson is an animator, not a businessman, and it took him a while to admit he was actually one-third of the business, with his name on it, too. *Puff*, which uses the combined forces of two different background designers (for mood changes), is one of the most spectacularly modern and innovative uses of half an hour of television time that you're likely to see—animated or otherwise. Supervised by Peter Yarrow (and based on the Peter, Paul & Mary hit song of several years ago), the film deals



with the real problems of young Jackie Paper by introducing therapy in the form of a dragon. Through it all are the loveliest, most well-designed backgrounds seen since the early days of Disney.

Veteran Warner Bros. animator Chuck Jones, who helped develop Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Wile E. Coyote and Roadrunner, has just signed to do the first theatrical short cartoon made in years. It will be a Daffy Duck (*hallelujah!*), a sequel to an old Buck Rogers parody, *Duck Dodgers in the 24½ Century*. Currently Jones is working on *Raggedy Ann & Andy in the Santa Claus Caper* for television.

But what is new in the industry? Technically, not much. Computers can add color to black and white cartoons, but they cannot make a rabbit do a double take; in 1959 Ub Iwerks (Disney's partner) invented the Xerox camera which transfers pencil drawings directly to cels and eliminates the inking process, cutting costs without hurting quality. But this was 19 years ago; even earlier in 1937, Disney Studios developed the multi-plane camera, which takes up an entire room at Disney; it rides on a track where several background cels are positioned, giving the illusion of a three-dimensional picture.

Other than these paltry advances, animation techniques today are much the same as they were back in the dark ages—1909, to be more precise, when Winsor McCay produced *Gertie the Dinosaur*. This early feature was actually a vaudeville act with McCay appearing on stage as a trainer while *Gertie* responded to his commands on film. Since the film was prior to the invention of the clear plastic cel, McCay had to redraw the background with every frame, which involved over 10,000 drawings.

The Max Fleischer Studio was also founded in the early days of animation. It was here that Max and his brother Dave created their famous "out of the inkwell" idea. This concept was a combination of live action and animation and became the basis for their first successful series—*Koko the Clown*. The Fleischers' *Koko* concept went something like this. Max would be at his drawing board and *Koko* would climb out of a bottle of ink and start to perform. *Koko* was actually Dave in a clown suit; Dave was filmed while performing the clown's tricks and then, through the use of rotoscope, the film was projected—one frame at a time—onto the animator's table to be traced and formed into *Koko*. The same process was

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Little Jackie Dragon (left),
an upcoming
Boromir (top)
from *Orcs in
J.R.R. Tolki*



Bakshi: Punk or Visionary?

BY NAOMI LINDSTROM

Whatever else you say about Ralph Bakshi, he made us rethink the animated film. Invading the Disneyized realm of animation with new themes (social criticism, sexual mores, adolescent anguish) and techniques (the juxtaposition of live action footage with cartoon) Bakshi has taken his lumps. Richard Schickel complained in *Time* of "the wretched excesses and artistic ineptitude of Ralph Bakshi, he of the X-rated films." Black organizations held up the release of Bakshi's *Heavy Traffic*, claiming it pandered to racial bias. *The Village Voice*'s Tom Allen classified Bakshi as basically a cinematic "punk," incapable of "higher vision." Now we learn this supposedly coarse pioneer is at work on an animated version of that Holy Writ of Counterculture, J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. Does this mean the epic *Rings* faces a sacrilege—or a revitalization?

The first clue to Bakshi's rethinking of animation came in the form of an advertising slogan: "Fritz the Cat—he's animated and X-rated!" I saw Fritz after he'd been tidied up to an R of respectability, but the point of the jingle stayed valid. We're brought up associating animated film with sweetness, childlessness, conventionality and stifling decorum. Bakshi's *Fritz* had none of the above. It had, instead, girls with pigs' noses and wildly bouncing breasts cavorting with a horny cat in the bathroom of a slum apartment. In Bakshi's seedy animated world, the stoned lay in heaps or raced around in hyperexcitement; walls peeled; there was room for the seven deadly sins to work their evil. Crude and nasty, Bakshi also revealed himself as a morbid satirist—something that didn't go down too well with the underground-comix readers who got satirized.

Fritz went on, crass and noisy, in more animated adventures. Then word came that Bakshi had really done something crude. His new work, *Coonskin*, was supposed to be so full of stereotyped images of blacks that it couldn't be released unpruned. There was talk of junkies, hustlers, mafiosi, deadbeats—and worst of all, crows. The title was condemned to be publicly burnt.

Heavy Traffic came out, looking nothing like what had gone before in cartoon or live action. Often the film wandered into the interstices between media. Its nightmare cityscape was amassed of still photographs, drawings, live footage and animated cartoon. These novel juxtapositions gave Bakshi a new language to say afresh something writers like Nelson Algren and William Burroughs had already said about the city. Rats, junk, the styliness of ghetto culture and its terrible violence: there was a new way to show it. When the hero got it between the eyes, something most of us have seen in the movies, the screen was filled with animated bits of brain and skull flowing out toward the edges in horrifying slow motion while the hero's cartoon face still held the shock of hey-this-has-gone-too-far. Even audiences jaded by bloodbath westerns had to feel the jolt of street violence head on.

Technical innovation, crudity and satiric vision were again in the forefront, but crudity got the most attention. When the hero's castrating Jewish mother got mad at her husband, she sent a meat cleaver to lodge between his legs (near miss). The irony, though, was there all the time. The whole film gave a mocking negative reply to the American adolescent dream of magically solving all life's problems by identifying with a minority culture. Conventional styles of marital battling, teenage rebellion and cop authority were mimicked with devastating accuracy.

Last spring, Bakshi took us in a new direction with *Wizards*. But where was he going? His willingness to experiment technically was still with him, even in the murkiest parts of this fantasy ramble. The hoards of evil legions swarming across the plains were a clever use of footage from *Alexander Nevsky*, integrated into the surrounding animation; old prints, sometimes with modifications, often served as backdrop to magic goings-on. In inventing a cast of good creatures and a cast of baddies, Bakshi has drawn stylistic bits from Frank Frazetta and the whole *Heavy Metal* crew. Borrowing can be a valid point of departure for artistic invention,

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Little Jackie Paper and Puff the Magic Dragon (left) get a whiff of bad breath in an upcoming animated television special; Boromir (top) defends Merry and Pippin from Orcs in Bakshi's animated film of J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings; and

Jiminy Cricket watches Pinocchio's nose grow one more time in this fall's re-release of the Disney classic. Another animated feature coming to theaters soon: Watership Down animated by Tony Guy, directed by Martin Rosen (see page 25).

InPrint

Pampersand

November, 1978

Boop Boop a-Doop

An almost terminal attack of morbid curiosity found me, not many days ago, in a virtually empty theatre staring in rank disbelief at a godforsaken piece of excrement called *Tarzoon—Shame of the Jungle*.

Really, it was horrible beyond even my wildest expectation, and it's damned unfortunate that the Burroughs estate chose to dignify this cow pie by taking action against it. But there is one worthwhile purpose that *Tarzoon* served, besides helping me to avoid spending \$3 on something wasteful, like food or shelter. The animation made me long for the golden age of the cartoon—and the king of that age who was not Walt Disney, but Max Fleischer.

In his fine book, *The Fleischer Story* (Nostalgia Press, \$12.50), Leslie Cabarga chronicles the rise of the Fleischer empire, from 1915 when Max invented the rotoscope (a simple device which allowed animators to trace the movements of humans and turn those movements into animation) through Betty Boop, Koko the Clown and Popeye the Sailor, right up to animation features like *Gulliver's Travels* and *Mr. Bug Goes to Town*.

Cabarga, a 23-year-old San Francisco illustrator, approaches Fleischer with all the reverence of the true believer before his guru. Normally, this would lead to a fawning, and false, book, but in this case Cabarga's research is so extensive, his history so exhaustive and the book's hundreds of drawings so remarkable, that Fleischer's godlike status becomes believable. Here was one of America's great originals, laboring in the shadow of Disney, quietly creating characters who are as much the mythology of America as is Mickey Mouse.

As I tried to scrub the mess of *Tarzoon* from my consciousness by gazing longingly through *The Fleischer Story* one other thought occurred to me: For all the nudity, randiness and general lewdness that pervaded *Tarzoon*, there was nothing in the film to compare with the tantalizing sexiness of Betty Boop, who's always been G-rated. Not bad for a little flapper who's just reached her 46th birthday.

Merrill Shindler

Reflections of Calamity

Depressed by inflation, crime, low morals and rampant violence? Yearning for the good old days? May I suggest a romp through the 14th Century in Barbara Tuchman's marvelous new book, *A Distant Mirror* (Knopf, \$15.95)? Subtitled "The Calamitous 14th Century," this exhaustive work paints an unrelenting portrait of human greed, avarice, rapacity, lust and stupidity against the backdrop of one of the most perplexing and frightening periods in western man's history.

There is little to be faulted in Tuchman's self-propelled narrative style; she has proven (with *The Guns of August*, *Stillwell and the American Experience in China*, etc.) her singular ability to weave facts, dates and individuals into compelling historical reading. In *A Distant Mirror* she has provided us with a measure of that age and our own as well. The overriding similarity between the two, she tells us, is change. Both epochs were marked

by tremendous, inexplicable change—in society, government and consciousness. Faced with a profound altering of theological and political precepts, coupled with the unbridled excesses of the dying order and a series of natural and manmade catastrophes of staggering magnitude, medieval man's reaction to his own case of future shock was madness. If enlightened self-interest is the mark of rationality, Tuchman comments, then no age was "more naturally mad."

The period treated in *A Distant Mirror*, the latter half of the century, was one fraught with those precise terrors which have become, for modern minds, symbols of the time. The 100 Years War, a conflagration that engulfed five generations; the Plague, which killed a third of the world's population; the endless petty bickering of feudal potentates; an absurdly corrupt yet all-pervasive church, replete with lascivious friars, bejeweled popes and hysterical nuns; rampant brigandage by armies of bloodthirsty mercenaries; inbred nobility, squalor, fanaticism and that crudest of all grand illusions, chivalry. Chivalry dies a terrible death in Tuchman's 14th Century. As an ethical code, personified by the Arthurian legends of 600 years before, chivalry by the 1300's had become the foundation of a ruthless class structure, an intricate and duplicitous excuse for rapine and repression. Whether as a result of the hybrid growth of capitalism, the innate hypocrisy of the canons of "nobility" or simply the bizarre logic of the times, the chivalric code of honor as it was practiced by knights of the 14th Century is uniquely indicative of the perversity of the age.

Tuchman, as usual, shines in her depictions of battles and campaigns. Swords clash, arrows fill the air, and tremendous military blunders are committed throughout the book's pages. *A Distant Mirror* is, however, more interesting and more important in its descriptions of everyday life at all levels of society. What was it like to be a child at that time? What of women's life, the peasant's lot? Tuchman takes great care in bringing to the reader the totality of the epoch, and within it creates a picture of life that is inspiring if only for its tenacity. In writing of the latter years of the century, her message seems frighteningly clear: the human spirit has limits of endurance.

As a narrative vehicle and representative of the time, Tuchman employs one Engurrand De Coucy, the Sire De Coucy, related through birth and marriage to most of Europe's ruling houses. Through his life as a

noble, his pivotal role in the politics and intrigues of the Hundred Years War, the reader is allowed an intimate glimpse of the medieval mentality. Embodying the folly and failing strength of the 14th Century, Engurrand becomes, through Tuchman's detailed and sympathetic unraveling, a singular sort of hero. She renders him in full context to the time and succeeds in understanding the man as completely as 600 years' distance will allow.

Davin Seay

Equal to His Time

Leon Trotsky was one of the great romantic figures of the 20th Century: a dedicated revolutionary, a concise thinker, an impassioned orator, he, as much as anyone, forged the Soviet Union from the iron grip of Czarist Russia, only to be vilified by his own countrymen and condemned to wander in exile until a Stalinist assassin ended Trotsky's life in 1940. Irving Howe, a fine analyst and historian who gave us *World of Our Fathers*, which included perceptive passages about the Leftist tradition among Eastern European and Russian Jews, honors the romantic in Trotsky and dissects the politician in this slim volume titled simply *Leon Trotsky* (Viking, \$10.00). While not the definitive Trotsky biographer—that distinction still belongs to Isaac Deutscher—Howe offers an extended essay that is nevertheless a fascinating, provocative and insightful view of the architect of permanent world-wide revolution.

Howe knows his subject well and respects the man for virtues not often eulogized by the Left: his passion for literature and the arts; his devotion to his second wife, Natalya (and vice versa); his sense of humor and his sense of honor. Whatever one may think of Trotsky's politics, there is something grand, if not downright grandiose, about a man who refuses in the face of extreme adversity to bend to the will of a dictator; to say nothing of a man who held tight to his convictions even after watching his dream (the new Russia) destroyed by the very seeds he helped to sow.

Howe, briefly a Trotskyite in his youth, treats his subject as one of the major thinkers of the 20th Century, rather than simply as a political figure. It's a fortuitous choice, because it enables Howe to bring in Trotsky's clear-minded analysis of literature and culture. As a critic, Trotsky was far more successful than as a revolutionary.

The volume is a masterful piece of organization and perception. Howe writes with an ease and accessibility that puts many historians to shame. It's impossible not to admire a writer who in the middle of a complicated analysis can write, with humor, "there appears to be some evidence that the young Bronstein (as Trotsky was born) picked up a few smatterings of Jewish Education. After all his parents would not want to think of themselves as ignoramuses. Later in his

autobiography, Trotsky skipped this part of his youthful experience. Revolutionists do not care to remember their Bar Mitzvahs."

There is much sweep and grandeur here: an escape from a Siberian prison camp reads like a passage from a Dovchenko film; the sacrifice of health and will that stalks the exile; the struggle to defend his honor against Stalin's slander (Stalin accused Trotsky in the Moscow trials of being a Fascist); Howe's conjecture as to what the wandering exile—thrown out of every country in which he settled (denied passage to America)—would have made of Israel, with its "right to return" law, available to every Jew, or what Trotsky would have thought of that other great Russian moralist, Solzhenitsyn.

Trotsky's life was one long struggle. In a time when holding on to consciousness seems almost an exercise in futility, there is much to be admired in a man who aligns himself with the underdog and refuses to surrender. Writes Howe, "his greatest books transcend political dispute: they are a part of the heritage of our century. For Trotsky embodied the modern historical crisis with an intensity of consciousness and a gift for heroic response which few of his contemporaries could match: he tried on his own terms to be equal to his times." And Howe, fortunately for us, is equal to his subject.

Jacoba Atlas

For Christ's Sake

Macmillan has billed this boxed set of C.S. Lewis essays as "six spiritual classics" by "the most original Christian writer of our century," and indeed from the evidence of these slim volumes, Lewis can rightfully lay claim to being one of the most clear-headed, reasonable and sympathetic of Christian apologists. Addressing his readers in an intimate and wholly rational tone, Lewis presents a breadth of subjects for a diverse audience in an effort to illuminate Christian themes in contemporary society. The fact that four of these books were written in the early-to-mid-Forties attests not only to their continued relevance but to the ongoing problems facing Christian thought and doctrine in the modern world.

As the author of *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *Space Trilogy*, C.S. Lewis has long occupied a venerated position in the hierarchy of fantasy fiction. While it may seem odd that an author so skilled in escape literature could produce essays of such persuasive insight, the fact that Lewis was brought to the faith by the undisputed master of the English fantasy genre, J.R.R. Tolkien, indicates that Christian belief and an active imagination are not mutually exclusive.

There is nary a hint of dogma in Lewis' logical and theological constructions, nor is there the Socratic obscurity of much modern religious writing; in its place, a sense of play prevails, a sense deriving from his familiar



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The single that gets to the heart of the matter.

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InPrint

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and unencumbered style. Much of this material falls into the category of "light religious reading," making the term for once not a complete contradiction.

Of the six books in this set (\$9.95), *The Screwtape Letters* is the most widely read. Questions of faith, temptation and human consciousness have rarely been more entertainingly resolved. The same may be said of *The Great Divorce*, Lewis' answer to Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, involving a bus trip to the nether regions that recalls Lewis' best fiction. *Miracles* presents Lewis' case for divine intervention in human affairs, and, as with its companion work, *The Abolition of Man*, presents compelling insight into a committed Christian's concepts of morality, education, logic and its attendant thought systems, the personality of God and the reality of the devil.

Mere Christianity is the set's focal piece and certainly Lewis' most powerful treatment of religious themes. Originally delivered as a series of radio broadcasts, the essays establish formidable progressions in logic and rational deduction toward the proof of God's active involvement in human affairs. Together with *The Problems of Pain*, which brings new insight to the ancient puzzle of human suffering, Lewis gives his readers a solid foundation on which to judge the relevance of Christianity in this half of the 20th Century.

Davin Seay

Daytrippers

I think I'm the wrong person to review these two books about the Beatles—*Paperback Writer* by Mark Shipper (Sunridge Press, \$5.95) and *The Beatles Forever* by Nicholas Schaffner (McGraw-Hill, \$8.95)—because I remember the real Beatles.

I realize that remembering the Beatles, or pretending to, for fun and profit is what it's all about these days, on the screen, the stage, on paper, but Christ, nobody's making it easy or even possible to understand what the fuss was all about.

Paperback Writer, for instance, is indeed a spurious (look for this word in the title) (bring a magnifying glass) chronicle of the life and times of the Beatles. As a product of the imagination, it does have its moments, particularly in the "Beatles" attempt to co-author a song with "Bob Dylan" (titled "Pneumonia Ceilings"), and perhaps the first meeting of the fab foursome following their calamitous decision to reunite. The dialogue in this and several other scenes, though it may seem like something out of an X-rated *Laverne & Shirley*, is often good for a giggle. Providing you don't mind being in on the butchering of your sacred cows.

I did and I didn't. I was forced to admit, between snits of outrage and snorts of merriment, that this highly fictionalized account of the Beatle reunion could happen. Still, I figure it could happen about as easily as I could be elected mayor of Shanghai. If a book about the disastrous reunion of the Beatles can be a success, and I hear it is in some circles, can you imagine what a real reunion would produce?

Speaking of those circles, a lot of the critics loved *Paperback Writer*. It's been called everything from "the finest novel ever written about rock and roll" to "devastatingly funny." But then isn't it always hilarious to play off every single weakness? Aren't Dean Martin's roasts always just a gas? What the heck if you tuck a thrice-hoed sneeze into a

cheek already over-crammed with tongue. Especially if you know what really happened.

If you don't know, you can always find out by reading *The Beatles Forever*, providing you are paralyzed, on a desert island, or in jail, which are the only conditions under which I would even consider finishing this tomelette. The photos are large and reasonably unpublished, but the print is teensy, the prose utterly varicose, and the end interminably far from the beginning. Yet it remains, at least, a purplish encyclopedia of what happened, complete with record lists and album covers and assorted memorabilia. It sure doesn't "celebrate the Beatles" as the accompanying press release blotted hopefully, but if it doesn't totally remember them, at least it doesn't dismember them.

I said I thought I was the wrong person for the job at the outset of this "review." Now I'm sure of it. Sitting here, I remember it all, from the day "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" began to lead us out of the muck of Dick Chamberlain and Connie Stevens to the day "The Long and Winding Road" sneak-previewed the fact that it was all over.

But it wasn't and still isn't. Books like these are only the end of the beginning. There will be more, lots more, and many of them will be jokes, which, by the way, is what author Shipper called rock and roll in the foreword to his spurt(?).

I can't help but think that of all the Beatles' "nostalgia" that has been and is to come, the cruellest joke of all is that you just about had to be there. It's the "just about" that keeps me hoping, because the Beatles were so special, somebody has got to get it down on paper as it really was. Somebody just has to, for all of us.

Jane Milstead

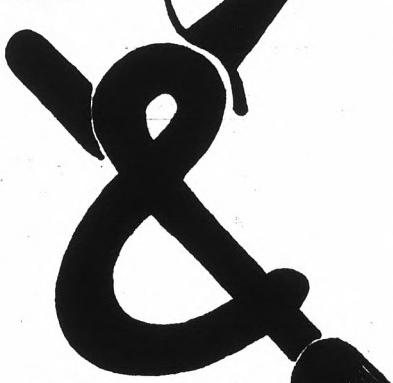
Big Mac Attack

When a group achieves the success that Fleetwood Mac has attained in recent years, that's a story. When that same group, through a myriad of personnel changes, has endured in pop circles since 1967, that would easily constitute the makings of a book. In this case, two books. *Fleetwood Mac—Rumours n' Fax* by a team of British writers from *New Musical Express*, Roy Carr and Steve Clarke (Harmony Books, \$5.95), gives a record-to-record analysis of the group from day one to the present through the eyes and ears of trained music critics, and their editorial guesses about the influences that came to play from era to era. The other, *The Authorized History of Fleetwood Mac* (Warner Books, \$7.95) by Samuel Graham, is evidently the image that the present-day Fleetwood wants to project to their adoring fans, at least on this side of the Atlantic.

Graham's history is easy to read and contains lots of never-before-seen publicity photos. Interestingly, the author relies heavily on direct quotes from former members Bob Welch and Danny Kirwan about the state of the band as each of them passed through. This book would have the reader believe that both these guitarists were as influential on the sound and consciousness of the group as original member Peter Green. Rumors, vibes and positive intentions permeate the official history, making it an annotated "biography" of the Mac of 1978 and how they grew to be the rockers we read about in *People* every week.

The British Mac biography takes the reader step by step, yearly, through each of their albums: who played on them and why, and capsule reviews of each entry and how they related to the band at the time, rather than why they were only means to the supergroup's current status. Carr and Clarke also rely heavily on photographs (some of which

Ampersand of the Month



This month's squiggly is the appropriately seasonal Ampersandwich, sent by Deborah and Philip L. Hughes of Columbus, Ohio; she studied medical technology at Ohio State University; he is the video tape librarian for the Ohio Educational Television Network. They're \$25.00 richer. You too may earn as you learn; send us your original Ampersand—black ink on white paper, please, and do be neat—to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Fleetwood never would have authorized to print) as well as reproductions of English newspaper stories, concert tickets and flyers and other assorted "local" memorabilia. But the color photos printed with all the guitarists backwards (even the name Gibson glares off the page at you in reverse order) are annoying. Otherwise, this book is informative and easy to read either quickly or for reference.

So here we have a case of two new books with separate views of the same super-stellar figures and what made them that way. To a real Fleetwood fan, both are indispensable and vital reading. To the rest of us (and we know who we are), we'll pass on both of them.

Flo & Eddie

Geronimo Rides Again

Geronimo's legend is as mysterious and vague as it is potent; we all know who and what he was, but few of us know what he did. In *Watch for Me on the Mountain* (Delacorte, \$9.95), Forrest Carter fills in the gaps with rich lore, some of it documented, much of it fanciful.

Geronimo's Indian name was Gokhlayeh, but when he and his warriors conquered a Mexican village on the feast day of St. Geronimo (Jerome), he was forever after known as Geronimo. He was never a chief, but a War Shaman, a mystic who liked to stand up in battle and taunt the soldiers, "You'll never catch me shooting." And they didn't; he was captured only once, by treachery; he surrendered, alone, in 1886 after fighting for forty years, and died on a reservation in 1909.

Carter (who wrote the Josey Wales novels and the autobiographical *The Education of Little Tree*) tells fascinating stories of Apache

guerrilla warfare: Geronimo dressed cactus plants in uniforms, completely befuddling the cavalry that dashed to the rescue; a woman warrior devised and led a rescue of two captured Apache women (the Mexicans ran a profitable Indian slave trade) by disguising the warriors as soldiers and more captive women; they rode straight into town and left devastation in their wake.

It is Carter's fancy that Geronimo surrendered so that the white man would not find a secret valley in the mountains where Apache children were hidden and where, supposedly, their descendants still live, ready to rise again.

Carter is so persuasively chauvinistic he makes us wish we were all Apaches; certainly the whites in this book, as in history, are corrupt and disgusting, but Carter never tells of a single Apache fault. Even the Apache scouts, who hunted their own kind for the Army, are forgiven; they were only doing it to feed their families. Nor is Carter very believable when his Apaches chat with the deity, which they do, often.

But these are minor carps. Carter has redrawn a legend in living colors, and it looms all the larger. It's a familiar tale of defiance and defeat, but Carter tells it as if for the first time.

I hope there is a secret valley somewhere. Judith Sims

Kirsch Collected

So you have vagrant thoughts about becoming a book reviewer? A productive first step would be to pick up a copy of *Lives, Works & Transformations* (Capra Press, \$10.95), a selection from Robert Kirsch's 25 years of daily book columns in the *Los Angeles Times*. There is more, it seems, to this branch of journalism than fascinating freebies and space to air your opinions.

For one thing, Kirsch will show you that it is possible to keep one's head in the hullabaloo of hype which is the raucous accompaniment to some 82,000 new and reprinted titles each year. He is, himself, an astonishingly eclectic and energetic reader, with that probing curiosity by which an inspired journalist is lured along various paths, whether freeways or byways. Much of what he reviews is nonfiction, biographies, histories, *belles-lettres*, books of ideas, and so on. He demands of fiction that it be entertaining, and one of his pieces is about taking a sabbatical to study the novel before it became a reflection of life rather than of imagination. He finds time to write novels of his own.

He explains in his introduction how he got to be a book columnist (he needed a job to supplement teaching income), and he stipulates his own biases (books about talking animals or with Florida background). He states his professional obligation "to give my space to a deserving book for which it may be the only review," and defines his commitment to his readers. Even though he is not always as he says he would be, there is a quality of rectitude in his approach which deserves to be copied.

What is to be gained by this sampling of his erudition, some of it dated and ephemeral as might be expected of any such journalistic overview? The answer is that Robert Kirsch has raised the level of book reviewing substantially, thereby setting an example to stretch the standards and range of interests both of his readers and of others in his profession.

Linda Rolens edited this collection from more than seven and a half million words written during the quarter century of Kirsch's tenure at the *Times*. Her achievement is a balanced and diverse summation of literature in our era.

Leonard Brown

IN BOTH EARS

Metal Tape & Giant Cassettes

Sometimes being successful is like getting hit by lightning: the odds are against it. Don't take it personally, for it applies to large corporations as well as to individuals. Typical examples are four-channel sound, which never made the grade despite all the hoopla, and the Edsel, which furnished comedians with material for years.

More than a year ago, a new tape format known as the Elcaset was introduced at the Consumer Electronics Show. Hailed as a direct competitor to cassettes, and possibly a replacement, the Elcaset, or "large" cassette, had many things going for it. Standing behind the Elcaset are some electronic giants—Sony, Teac, Technics and its sister company, Panasonic. The Elcaset is as easy to load as a cassette. Measuring 6" x 4 1/4" x 3 3/4", almost four times the volume of a cassette, Elcaset operates at 3 3/4 ips, twice the speed of a cassette. The higher speed is significant for it means the tape has a better signal-to-noise ratio capability and better high-frequency response. Elcaset tape is wider than cassette, 0.25 inch compared to 0.15 inch, meaning about a 3db reduction in noise. The dynamic range is much better than cassette.

A cassette is mono/stereo compatible, meaning you can use it to record either, but then so is Elcaset. The greater width of Elcaset also means there is room on the tape for control tracks, suitable for sound synchronization, or for any other control purpose.

Aside from their obvious intention to edge cassette out of the market and substitute Elcaset, what were the manufacturers up to? One of the causes of the non-acceptance of four-channel sound was the suspicion on the part of audiophiles that it was a ripoff. It is possible that some of the same thinking was applied to Elcaset. Yet, Elcaset makes a lot of sense, and so does four-channel sound.

Prior to Elcaset you only had two options in tape recording: either open reel or cassette. Open reel supplies much better high-end response, has a lengthier recording capability, is easier to edit, and has a better signal-to-noise ratio. But a cassette is more convenient: you can pop it in and out of a deck as fast as a slice of bread into a toaster. Eight-track tape, also known as cartridge, is mostly for playback, although you can get blank 8-track tape. The problem is where to find a quality 8-track unit that can record as well as play back.

One of the difficulties that immediately faced Elcaset was that it required the development of a new tape deck, one that would accommodate the size of the larger Elcaset housing. While a few manufacturers such as Aiwa, Sanyo, JVC all made plans to produce such a deck, we once again had the old and still unanswerable chicken-and-egg problem. Which comes first? It really meant that Elcaset and Elcaset tape decks had to be manufactured and promoted simultaneously, something extremely difficult to implement.

In the meantime, cassette wasn't sitting back waiting for Elcaset to take over. At the last Consumer Electronics show, the 3M

Company introduced a new cassette, known as Metafine IV, having electrical properties far superior to ordinary top-line cassettes.

Metafine IV has metal particles having a much higher magnetization capability than ordinary cassette tapes. The new "pure metal" tapes cannot use existing cassette tape decks for recording, but for playback only. To handle the new tapes, manufacturers are in the process of designing new cassette decks. Tandberg has just released its Model TCD 340 AM cassette deck having metal particle tape capability. The unit has a signal-processing capacity (headroom) more than 20db above the level of any tape system available on the market today, and is equipped with 100 percent electronic logic control.

Practically, the key word is "up." Someone must pay for all that research and development and that someone is the consumer. The new pure metal tapes will be more expensive than the top of the line cassette tapes. No prices have been set as yet and 3M won't be the only manufacturer, for Ampex has already announced it will also have such a tape. No word yet, though, from TDK or Maxell. And since manufacturers are innovative, they will probably have a cassette deck that will be able to accommodate regular cassettes as well as pure metal cassettes.

One of the possibilities of the new pure metal tape is that it may lead to cassette decks operating at only 15/16 ips instead of the 1-7/8 ips presently being used. We do have 15/16 ips recorder/players but these are voice grade units only, not hi-fi components. The advantage of the slower speed is that it means twice the playing time of present cassette tapes. Since the maximum we now have is a C-120 supplying a total playing or recording time of two hours, this will mean an extension to four hours, suitable for recording anything except some 6-hour operas. Also, with 15/16 ips tapes we may move more strongly in the direction of mini cassettes, battery operated and not much larger than some hand-held calculators.

Presently, though, cassettes seem to dominate the tape market and because of the introduction of a pure metal formulation, seem to have a firmer grip than ever. This is a bit unfortunate because Elcaset does have much to recommend it. Elcaset is a logical intermediate step between open reel and cassette, and if the pure metal formulation could be applied to Elcaset, it would really give tape recording and playback a tremendous boost.

Elcaset seems to have been a victim of poor timing. Had it been introduced 10 years ago when cassettes were struggling to get away from their "voice only" designation by audiophiles, it might well have the near-impregnable position cassette has today.

The lack of acceptance of Elcaset doesn't mean audiophiles are unreasonably obdurate and stubborn. Having invested in cassette tapes and cassette decks, they cannot be faulted for not wanting to make their equipment obsolete. Unfortunately, there was no way to make Elcaset compatible with cassette. Further, one of the early arguments against cassettes was the scarcity of pre-recorded titles, an argument now being applied to Elcaset.

In the meantime, phono records keep twirling happily, still using basic techniques originally developed by Edison and Berliner. With tracking forces having about the weight of a postage stamp, it is hard to see how present techniques can be improved, except incrementally. However, for records there is a competing threat looming in the future, with a variety of methods suggested, but whether radically new approaches will succeed is a big question mark. Elcaset has supplied a warning: better doesn't necessarily mean automatic acceptance.

Martin Clifford



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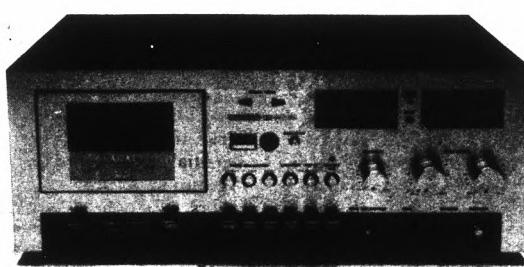
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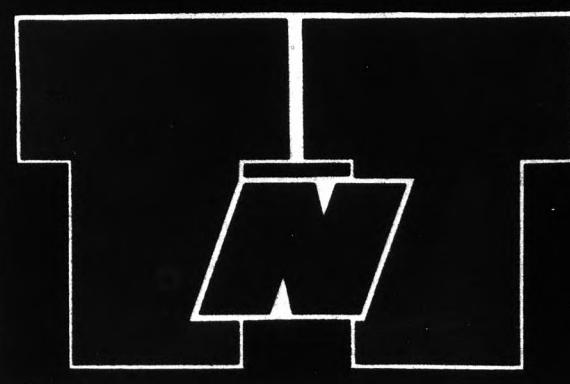
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ANGEL FROM MONTGOMERY
HEARTBREAK HOTEL
BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN
THE RIVER AND THE WIND
IF YOU FEEL IT · TEXAS (When I Die)
IT'S NICE TO BE WITH YOU

Produced and Arranged by Jerry Goldstein
A Far Out Production for Tanya, Inc.
on MCA Records



From left:
Murphy

(Continued from page 1)
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From left: Michael Murphey; Katy Moffatt; Tom Kelly; Bobby Kimball. Lurking over Murphey's right shoulder: Byron Berline.

(Continued from page 6)

Chicago will be attempted by Liza Minnelli, who hasn't had a hit movie in three tries: *New York, New York*; *Lucky Lady* and *A Matter of Time* all died well-deserved box office deaths.

SPEAKING OF DANCERS, Mikhail Baryshnikov, the twinkle-toed cutie, has formed a production company so he can film the life of great dancer Nijinski. Starring himself, no surprise. Two other Nijinski films are planned (the producers of which are probably slashing their wrists after Baryshnikov's announcement): one to star Nureyev, the other, starless, written by the *Turning Point* team of Herb Ross and Nora Kaye.

For What It's Worth

MOTOWN ARCHIVISTS HAVE DISCOVERED a number of tapes cut in 1965 by a little known band called the Mynah Birds, and they're more than a little excited. The band was headed by Rick James, now on the label with a hot album under his own name, but the Mynah Birds' personnel also included Neil Young and Bruce Palmer before they founded the Buffalo Springfield with Richie Furay, Stephen Stills and Dewey Martin; playing on the sessions was organist Goldie McJohn, later a founding member of Steppenwolf. Now, Motown's only problem is that of figuring out what to do with the (admittedly primitive) tapes; there aren't enough selections for an album. Best bet: a promotional extended-play sent to disc jockeys and such, to see if any enthusiasm gets stirred up. Speaking of drummer Dewey Martin, he recently let word slip, via a music trade paper column, that he's in Hollywood and looking for work.

Prime Pairs

GARY BUSEY, WHO JUST SIGNED with A&M Records, was on location in Minneapolis making his next film *Foolin' Around*; on several different nights he jammed with visiting musicians Stoneground; sat in with John Raitt and daughter Bonnie, who did a rock and roll version of *Oklahoma!* and after that Busey joined in with Tom Petty. Things must be pretty dull in Minneapolis.

NEIL DIAMOND AND BARBRA STREISAND are recording together for the first time on

"You Don't Bring Me Flowers Anymore," a song each has recorded separately. Disc jockeys, never known for their taste, kept juxtaposing the two versions, so Columbia, conveniently the label for both, put them in the studio with the same old song (lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman, music by Diamond).

ALAN ARKIN AND VALERIE PERRINE co-star in *Yentle*, *The Yeshiva Boy*, shooting in Berlin; it's the first film based on an Isaac Bashevis Singer novel; it's also the first romantic leading role for Arkin, and about time. The film also stars Louise Fletcher and Shelley Winters.

THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON CBS plans a tribute to Bing Crosby, a compilation of many moments from his 17 years' worth of Christmas shows; one of the segments will be the Bing Crosby-David Bowie duet on "Little Drummer Boy."

Wax Fax

FORMER EMMYLOU HARRIS HOT BAND lead guitarist (and legendary English picker) Albert Lee signed up with A&M . . . *This Boot Is Made for Funkin'* is the entirely appropriate title of Bootsy's Rubber Band's next album, due in January . . . Eddie Van Halen accepted his first platinum record from four strippers and Milton Berle at the sleazy Body Shop on the Strip. Van Halen contributed that searing, uncredited guitar solo to Nicolette Larson's album track, "Can't Get Away from You" . . . Mavis Staples is recording in Muscle Shoals, Jerry Wexler producing, hooray . . . The Runaways, off Mercury, cut an album on their own and are now label-shopping it; in addition to several originals, the platter includes updatings of the Beatles' "Eight Days a Week" and Slade's "Mama Weer All Crazee Now" . . . Jerry Lee Lewis signed with Elektra . . . Paul Simon's first album for Warner Bros. is expected to be a film soundtrack affair, though one with (according to an unimpeachable source) "several songs." But are they new songs? . . . Al Staheley, once with Spirit, is making his solo album with Steve Cropper on guitar and Marty Balin on vocals, and that ain't bad . . . Sly Stone has signed with Warner Bros. Why would anyone want the unreliable Mr. Stone? According to one Industry Pundit, "It's a dirty job and someone has to do it."

HENRY DILTZ

Break into the

BIG TIME



Last year Ampersand paid out some \$10,000 to free lance contributors—writers, artists and photographers—and this year we'd like to double that sum. This is *real* money, not Monopoly paper; we pay 10¢ per published word, \$25 per black & white photo, more for color. Think of it, your name in print. Your mother will be so proud.

Here's how:

1. Send us samples of your work, published or unpublished.
2. Submit a list of story ideas that you are ready and able to do. Be practical; don't offer to interview Farrah if only we'd pick up the plane fare. We're most likely to use book, concert, record and film reviews. We're also in the market for qualified textbook reviews, pithy assessments of guest lecturers on the college circuit, off-beat features, and cartoons (but no comic strips, please). You may prefer to submit a finished "on spec" article rather than a query; fine, but if you want it back—if you want anything back—you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
3. Tell us your telephone number(s), in case we become so excited by your brilliance we just can't wait for the mail.
4. Be brief.
5. Be neat.

If you've already been published in Ampersand, you needn't go through all this again—just tell us of any change of address. And soon. Send your stuff to Break into the Big Time, Ampersand Magazine, 1680 N. Vine Street, Room 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Music in Motion

BY SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

Since the American release of Bruno Bozzetto's *Allegro Non Troppo* coincided pretty neatly with the latest release of *Fantasia*, comparisons seem appropriate. There's just one problem: the peculiar mixture of animation and classical music is about the only thing the two have in common. Where the Disney-Stokowski classic is big and serious (even its attempts at the antic fall squarely within the bounds of good taste), Bozzetto's opus is brief, satirical and wildly caricatured.

In fact, the purposes behind the two films are entirely different. *Fantasia* was, and was intended to be, a "landmark" film which would awaken large segments of the public to the true potential of the animated film as well as to the beauties of "serious" music. Although it took longer than its creators expected, it succeeded in this to a very real degree. Forty years later, partly because of Disney's pioneering work, Bozzetto was able to do anything he damn well pleased, and used his art to rip at the foundations of Western Society and culture—and, while he was at it, at *Fantasia* itself.

Bozzetto has another advantage in that he was able to learn from Disney's mistakes. The biggest of these was the attempt to utilize large-scale classical works as backgrounds for animation. Unless there's a clear-cut story line, lengthy animations tend to get monotonous pretty quickly. The Beethoven "Pastoral" Symphony, even played in a mutilated edition, is just too long; one can only take so much of Disney's cute seraphim and centaurs and unicorns and the like.

Bozzetto therefore expends his energies on the type of short character pieces which Disney used to score his greatest successes. Where Disney's realizations are straightforward, however, Bozzetto's most decidedly are not. A prime example is Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* which in *Allegro Non Troppo* becomes the background to the sad tale of an aged faun struggling vainly for a chance to prove he can still get it up. A Dvorak Slavonic Dance becomes a comic fable about leadership and conformity; a Vivaldi concerto serves as elegant counterpoint as a bee is frustrated in its attempt to have a nice, leisurely supper by a human couple's lovemaking.

Perhaps the most telling contrast between the two films is in their treatment of evolution. Disney's, set to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, is a reasonably accurate rendition of the age of dinosaurs. Bozzetto has the first amoeba emerge from a Coke bottle

discarded by astronauts, then metamorphoses it into a wide and wild variety of creatures who move across the screen in a continuous left-to-right progression, set, in a masterstroke, to the *Bolero*, whose 15-minute crescendo matches the animation perfectly.

The visual styles, of course, contrast as much as the treatments. Disney was an almost fanatical realist, carefully basing his animated creatures on what they looked like in real life and keeping his settings recognizable. Bozzetto, on the other hand, resorts to caricature that is often spectacular. Disney is generally soft-hued; Bozzetto's imagery is much sharper, although he modulates it to match the music. Bozzetto likes to put bright hues on the screen whenever he can, and some of the contrasts are stunning. In the *Valse Triste*, which deals with memories of lost happiness, the contrast between the bright colors of the past and the grey, dismal present almost literally brings tears to the eyes.

If I have given the impression that *Allegro Non Troppo* (title translation: "Fast, but not too fast") is a vastly superior work to *Fantasia*, I'd like to dispel it now. Brilliance and satire have their limitations. Bozzetto takes up fully a third of his movie's 75-minute running time with black-and-white live-action scenes concerning a harried cartoonist who is persecuted by a sadistic conductor of a motley orchestra composed of old women; these play like second-rate Monty Python. I much prefer Deems Taylor's "respectable" introductions in the Disney film. More important, many of Disney's segments, such as the marvelously loony *Dance of the Hours*, the delightful *Nutcracker Suite* and the still-scary *Night on Bald Mountain*, retain all of their ability to amaze and delight.

Finally there is the matter of the music itself. Bozzetto uses Deutsche Grammophon recordings, mostly by Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, and they're very good. But the Stokowski soundtrack for *Fantasia*, recorded in multi-track stereo (in 1938!), gives a better idea of what the Philadelphia Orchestra sounded like in Stokowski's heyday than just about anything else; it was and remains something special.

Fantasia remains one of the outstanding achievements in the history of the animated film. Bozzetto's movie is fully worthy to stand beside it . . . or at least very near.

&

Sol Louis Siegel's classical concert reviews have appeared in several past Ampersands; he lives in Philadelphia and studies at Temple University.

What's Up, Doc?

(Continued from page 16)

used to add the live action portion to the animated cels when photographing the final product.

When sound was added, Max and Dave scored high with *Betty Boop* and *Popeye*. Then, from 1941 to 1943, the Fleischer Studio produced one of the finest action cartoon series ever made—*Superman*. Through the use of rotoscope and a number of excellent artists, the Fleischers' "Man of Steel" performed feats of spectacular special effects. One such amazing visual was the use of backgrounds and foregrounds that changed in perspective as the camera angle changed. This same effect was also used in the *Popeye* and *Betty Boop* films of the late Thirties and early Forties.

Walt Disney and Ub Iwerks met in a Kansas City art studio in 1919. Together they gained experience at the Kansas City Film Ad and eventually moved to California where they started making short animated films in a garage. Iwerks—whose name sounds like a character in a W.C. Fields movie—was Disney's right hand man.

The Disney outfit went through several ups and downs until Al Jolson sang in *The Jazz Singer* and kicked off the age of the talkies. Shortly after this Disney and Iwerks put together the first animated film with synchronized sound—*Steamboat Willie* with Mickey Mouse. Ub did the animating.

Mickey was a hit. His personality was well defined in *Steamboat Willie* and this set the trend for all future cartoon characters. No matter how good the story lines or gags, the personality of each character had to be defined. The audience needed to know in advance that if Goofy moved a piano he would screw it up, Donald Duck would always lose

his temper and Sylvester would forever try to make a meal out of Tweety.

Disney fared better than anyone else in the art, probably because he surrounded himself with the best talent. Disney thought nothing of hiring great artists like Rico Lebrun and Salvador Dali to teach and design layouts. If the Disney Studios didn't invent it, they improved it.

Through the Thirties and Forties, every major movie studio had an animation department. Dinosaurs, mice, rabbits, and funny ducks were appearing everywhere. Hugh Harman and Rudolph Ising, two early Disney animators, teamed up to create Warner Brothers' original *Looney Tunes* and *Merry Melodies*. Later Bob Clampett, Chuck Jones and Tex Avery developed the Warner Bros. stable of characters even more with Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck among the funniest characters ever created. They were as real to audiences as Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.

Then came the Fifties. At this point animation was getting ever more costly and fewer animated shorts were being made for the theater. Shortcuts were taken in every aspect of cartoon production: simple backgrounds, stock animation for re-use, and cycles of movement, all took their toll in quality. Disney stopped making theatrical shorts and most of the other major studios dropped their animation departments; Warner Bros. was the last to go in 1963.

Now, fifteen years later, there is renewed interest. To more than a few artists, animation is the ultimate 20th Century art form, encouraging the imagination to indulge in its most grandiose dreams and fantasies. If it can be dreamed, it can be animated; the art of Walt Disney, Ub Iwerks, Max Fleischer and countless others has demonstrated this repeatedly. And, as Bill Kroyer of the Disney Studios says, animation is "the last film medium that has to be hand-made." &

Darryl Purcell is a fabulously talented artist (just look at this issue's cover) who lives in Whittier, California; Sandy Baker, a freelance writer and editor, also lives in Whittier, with her cat, Philip Marlowe. Becky Sue Epstein, another freelance writer, lives in Hollywood with her cat, Albera June, and says she's fond of animation because "I'll go after anything that moves."



Puff and Jackie on the way to Hana Lee.



Bunnies on the move in Watership Down.

Bakshi

(Continued from page 17)

but here it was hard to see what was being invented.

Wizards was interesting just to see how many ways Bakshi could recombine elements of various media within a basically cartoon framework. Anyone not interested in this line of experimentation might fail to see the point of *Wizards* even existing. Its plot was pure and unadulterated garble. The evil technologist was muttering incantations; the good magician pulled out a handgun to defeat his foe. Worse, elves gamboled about playfully among the good guys, out-cutting most of Disney. This lapse into adorability was especially alarming when it was the work of the man who had de-sweetened animation.

Given Bakshi's record so far, is he a suitable animator for the *Rings*? Bakshi's famous crudity versus Tolkien's celebrated ethereality? A little consideration reveals a surprising amount of fit between the work of the two innovators.

First, we have two great borrowers. Tolkien wrote his epic trilogy with a whole lot of help from the illustrious dead. For instance, at Tolkien feasts it "snows food and rains drink"—something that also happened in Chaucer. Plot lines, landscapes and phrases come courtesy of Homer, Virgil, *Beowulf*, etc. As with Bakshi, the goal is to give an original treatment to a mass of material that may be gathered from here, there and everywhere.

Secondly, Tolkien and Bakshi are both satirist-moralists. For Tolkien, morality can be put in the foreground, while Bakshi is sneakier. Still, Good and Evil are clear and important forces pulling at the characters in both men's work.

Thirdly, each is concerned with rethinking a genre. Tolkien was forever striking out on impossible missions, such as writing the great sagas that our forebears neglected to leave us during the Middle Ages. Moreover, he would write this missing medieval work from the point of view of a twentieth-century medievalist. The craving to invent new, semi-impossible, artistic forms marks the production of both filmmaker and writer.

Finally, crudity is really rampant in certain Tolkien passages, though his fans choose to

cling to his airier moments. The Gollum, a memorable figure, has flesh pulled into a lengthy, contorted mess from years of twisting in the grips of Evil. Foulness of flesh and extreme physical disfigurement are commonly found among Tolkien's bad guys; these unattractive fiends are described in loathsome and often lengthy detail. This strong propensity toward the grotesque and horrifying in Tolkien could, potentially, fit Bakshi's flagrant visual nastiness perfectly.

What remains to be seen is whether Bakshi can make it work to good advantage. He could easily debase *Rings*, not so much with coarseness—which is appropriate—as with triviality and rambling. The aimlessness of *Wizards* makes one apprehensive. At the same time, Bakshi is perhaps uniquely equipped to put real harshness and irony into a visual realization of Tolkien's tale of good and evil.

Naomi Lindstrom is a teacher at the University of Texas at Austin and won't tell us much more than that.

That's all, folks!



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Take These Jokes...Please!

BY JAYSON Q. WECHTER

Thirty-eight people in one room vying for laughs is either a class of fifth graders whose teacher has stepped out, or the Third Annual San Francisco International Open Stand-Up Comedy Competition. Held this September, it drew professional and amateur comedians from as far away—450 miles—as Anaheim, California. Just as in the classroom, some of their jokes had folks gagging on laughter, while others sank like teamster officials in wet cement.

The contestants included a fellow who stripped from construction-worker garb down to stockings and garter belts and stuffed piles of candy into his mouth; a wheelchair-bound comedian who made jokes about his affliction; an ecological comic who combined one-liners with pollution warnings; and a young man who demonstrated the many inventive things you can do with a lamp.

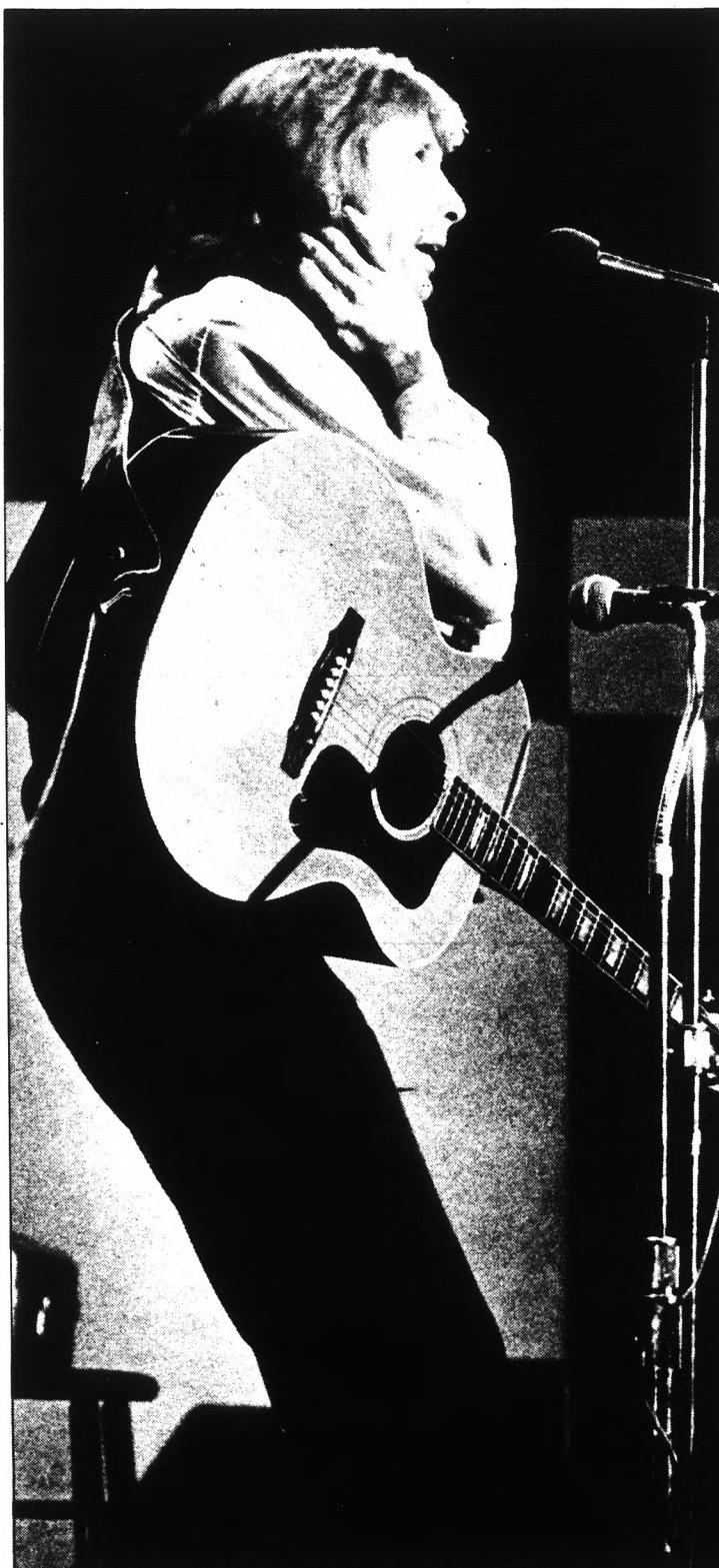
Their efforts were directed at a very unfunny \$3,000 in prize money, with judges like comedians George Carlin and Jay Leno rating their routines. And, of course, there was the exposure, which is as valuable to a comedian as bottled water from the fountain of youth.

The contest included five weeks of preliminary and semi-final rounds at seven different Bay Area clubs, plus a finals night at The Old Waldorf which sold out three weeks in advance.

The audience was suspecting—and rightfully so—that they might catch someone as hot as Robin Williams, star of the ABC comedy series *Mork & Mindy*, who got his comic start in San Francisco and placed second in the comedy competition two years ago, when television scouts raided its corps of local talent to recruit Williams and Jim Giovanini, Bill Rafferty and Nancy Bleiweiss for *Laugh-In* and Lou Felder for *Fernwood 2Night*. Contenders in this year's competition hoped that some of them might also be drafted for network duty. In fact, one night's performance started late to accommodate the talent scout from *The Tonight Show* who'd flown up from L.A. for the occasion.

The finals night, emceed by actor and comedian Dick Shawn, featured guest appearances by Robin Williams and Jay Leno. Leno served on the judge's panel along with George Carlin, actress Debralee Scott of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, actor Jack Riley of *The Bob Newhart Show* and several local columnists. They rated comedians on stage presence, technique, delivery, response, rapport and material.

When the results were tallied the first prize of \$1,000 went to Mark McCollum, a native San Franciscan who'd been performing in local clubs and coffeehouses for two years. His twenty-minute blend of musical comedy and impressions—covering everyone from Elmer Fudd to the Bee Gees—was polished in the style of true cabaret entertainment, and his impersonations were so on target they might as well have been Memorex. He told how he hadn't seen *Saturday Night Fever* 'til it played in Chinatown, then lapsed into a hilarious pidgin-Chinese rendition of "Staying Alive." He talked about the opposition his father had to his career: "He was so negative, he could jump-start a Mack truck just by opening the



Mark McCollum: from Elmer Fudd to Chinese disco

hood and saying 'Son of a bitch.'" He revamped the Who's "Pinball Wizard" into a story of his job as a supermarket checker, and finished his act with a perfect mimicking of Popeye and Olive Oyl in the sack—accomplished chiefly through the use of sound effects. His obvious skill and professionalism overshadowed any doubts about whether he was really a "stand-up comic," and the twenty-seven year old McCollum won out over Marty Cohen and Jack Marion, both sharp, funny, L.A.-based comedians with more conventional Las Vegas-style routines, who placed second and third, respectively.

Other contestants included Sid Rosenbloom, a polio-stricken comedian whose routine consisted largely of wheelchair jokes ("What do people in wheelchairs do when they're alone in a room together? Get up and stretch"), and Daryl Heniques, heard regularly on KSAN-FM as "The Swami from Miami" and "Joe Carcinogen—The Purple Poisoner, recommending the poison that's right for you."

Few of the contestants make their living with comedy; Mitch Krug, who placed fourth, claimed to have started in the business as "an industrial comedian" telling jokes to factory workers and getting "a piecework rate of five cents a laugh."

Most make the rounds of a half-dozen small local clubs like The Other Cafe and the Holy City Zoo, which feature regular comedy nights as well as open mikes for neophyte comedians to gain practice. Frank Kidder, a local comedian who ran a comedy night in the basement of a church coffeehouse for several years, started the Comedy Competition in 1976 to increase the visibility of comedians in the Bay Area and draw bigger audiences. Comedy, he said, has always "come up big" after wars and national disasters (like Watergate), and the overwhelming success of comics like Steve Martin and shows like *Saturday Night Live* is natural, since audiences are looking for a sense of comic relief.

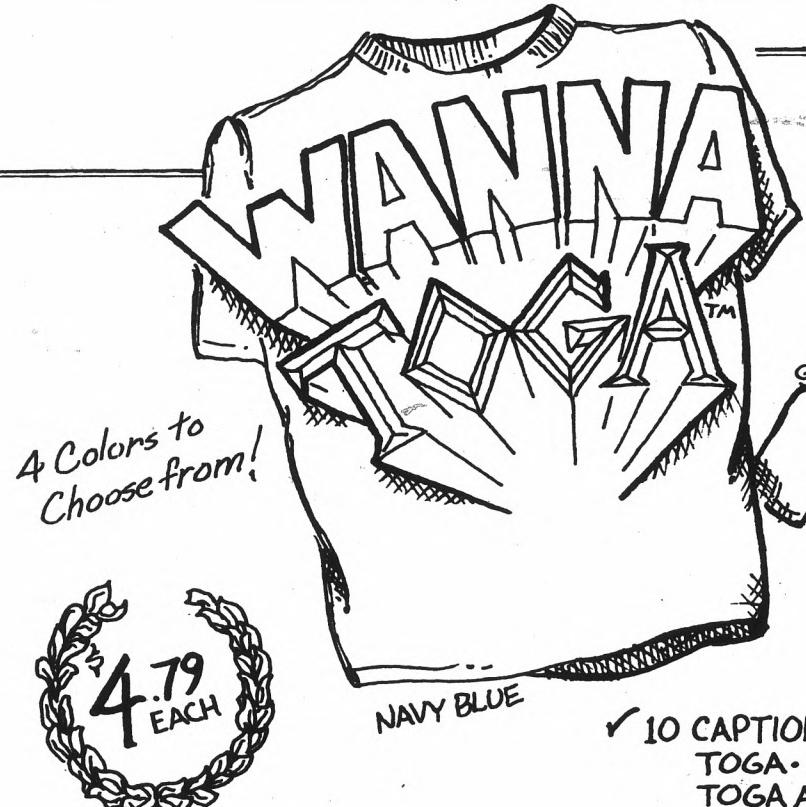
The young comedians' material, for the most part, is cleaner and less intellectual than that of their predecessors a decade or two ago. Routines about politics, marriage, human relationships and social problems have given way to material focused on TV shows and commercials, new age lifestyles, and, of course, drugs. The tone of the humor is sillier, with flippant, almost burlesque-like characterizations, rather than more detailed sketches dealing with character-types of the sort Mike Nichols and Elaine May made famous.

But their jokes are still funny, and they work as hard as ever to get the laughs.

"The laughs are at the heart of it," remarked one comedian. "The contest is fine, but in the end it's the laughs that count. They're what this business is all about."

Jayson Wechter is an ex-cabdriver from New York who now lives in San Francisco and writes for magazines including *Cracked*, *Sick* and *New West*. He's working on a musical comedy about the Alaska Pipeline, "sort of like Oklahoma, only with polar bears." Gregg Mancuso attended the University of Massachusetts and Syracuse University, attaining his degree in journalism, before moving to San Francisco and enjoying the life of a free-lance photog.

&



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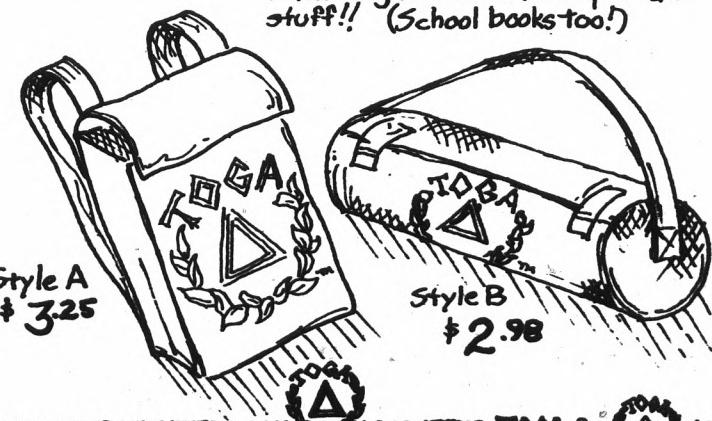
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- An American Prayer
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Tormato
Yes/Atlantic
Wavelength
Van Morrison/Warner Bros.
Comes a Time
Neil Young/Reprise
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Stage
David Bowie/RCA
Never Say Die
Black Sabbath/Warner Bros.
Boys Will Be Boys
Hero/20th Century-Fox

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Chuck Mangione/A&M
2. Cosmic Messenger
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3. Images
Crusaders/Blue Thumb
4. Secrets
Gil Scott-Heron & Brian Jackson/Arista
5. You Send Me
Roy Ayers/Polydor
6. Sounds
Quincy Jones/A&M
7. Friends
Chick Corea/Polydor
8. Read Said
Grover Washington, Jr./Motown
9. Pat Metheny
Pat Metheny/ECM
10. Feels So Good
Chuck Mangione/A&M
11. What About You
Stanley Turrentine/Fantasy
12. Sunlight
Herbie Hancock/Columbia
13. In the Night Time
Michael Henderson/Buddah
14. Tropics
Gato Barbieri/A&M
15. Before the Rain
Lee Oscar/Elektra
16. Carnival
Maynard Ferguson/Columbia
17. Larry Carlton
Larry Carlton/Warner Bros.

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19. Magic in Your Eyes
Earl Klugh/United Artists
20. Mahal
Eddie Henderson/Capitol

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Les McCann/A&M
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Rose Royce/Whitfield
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Ashford & Simpson/Warner Bros.
5. Togetherness
L.T.D./A&M
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Donna Summer/Casablanca
7. Step II
Sylvester/Fantasy
8. Life Is a Song Worth Singing
Taddy Pendergrass/P.I.R.
9. A Taste of Honey
A Taste of Honey/Capitol
10. In the Night Time
Michael Henderson/Buddah
11. Come Get It
Rick James & the Stone City Band/Gordy
12. Natural High
Commodores/Motown
13. Get Off
Foxy/Dash
14. Summertime Groove
Hamilton Bohannon/Mercury
15. Betty Wright Live
Betty Wright/Alston

RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Funk or Walk
The Brides of Funkenstein/Atlantic
The Man
Barry White/20th Century
Give Thanks
Jimmy Cliff/Warner Bros.
MFSS
The Gamble-Huff Orchestra/P.I.R.

COUNTRY

1. Heartbreaker
Dolly Parton/RCA
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Elvis Presley/RCA
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Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson/RCA
10. Tear Time
Dave and Sugar/RCA
11. Only One Love in My Life
Ronnie Milsap/MCA
12. The Best of the Statler Brothers
Statler Brothers/Mercury
13. I'm Always on a Mountain When I Fall
Merle Haggard/MCA
14. Womanhood
Tammy Wynette/Epic
15. Everytime Two Fools Collide
Kenny Rogers & Dottie West/United Artists

RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Greatest Hits
Marshall Tucker Band/Capitol
I've Always Been Crazy
Waylon Jennings/RCA
Greatest Hits, Vol. 1
Roy Acuff/Elektra
Dark Eyed Lady
Donna Fargo/Warner Bros.
Turning Up and Turning On
Billy Crash Craddock/Capitol



(Continued from page 15)

styles—pop, rock, etc.—and we come away with no knowledge of Larson beyond her vocal capabilities. The girl can sing, there's no doubt about that, but at this point she's suffering a bit of an identity crisis. Larson best give some thought to developing a more focused persona for herself before she's cast on the junk heap of competent but faceless girl singers.

K.M.

VAN MORRISON

Wavelength (Warner Bros.)

With a bumper crop of strong rock 'n' roll records proving to be abundant in quantity as well as quality, it's appropriate that Van Morrison should further upgrade the season average by turning in his most energetic album in six years. *Wavelength* isn't so musically ambitious as most of Morrison's mid-Seventies work—and it isn't nearly so erratic, either. What Morrison is going for here is the friendlier, exuberant swing that paced some of his best post-*Astral Weeks* recordings, and he achieves it so effortlessly that any lingering doubts of this diminutive titan's potency should be effectively silenced.

The thematic poles are familiar—eros and essence, playfully juggled or delicately entwined, in settings ranging from hushed expectancy to romping jubilation. The gothic r&b scale of the last album, *A Period of Transition*, has been retracted to a more conventional ensemble, here peppered with British players (including Morrison's old Them partner, Peter Bardens) rather than the Yanks Morrison has relied on recently; the excellent vocal arrangements bloom into surprising chromatic resolutions and nimble counterpoint.

There are highlights: "Kingdom Hall," "Checkin' It Out" and the utterly narcotic title song, which works as a hymn to (a) Van's audience; (b) Van's music; (c) the radio; and (d) true love, all at once, and still doesn't sound dumb. Even the screwball asides ("Venice, U.S.A.") are ear-filling.

John Dalmas

THE MUPPETS

Sesame Street Fever (Sesame Street Records)
Muppet Show 2 (Arista)

Falling somewhere between parody and tribute, *Sesame Street Fever* starts promisingly with its cover photo of Grover, a Muppet, in a white-suited, finger-to-the-sky John Travolta pose and Bert, Ernie and the Cookie Monster lined up Bee Gee-like behind him. Inside, the songs are with one exception old *Sesame Street* numbers done up with a contemporary disco beat. The arrangements and playing are the equivalent of any hit disco album—read that any way you like—but the writers sadly run out of ideas before long. The Cookie Monster steals the record with his heartfelt get-down reading of "C Is for Cookie;" guest star Robin Gibb fills in for Oscar the Grouch on "Trash" (quite convincingly, too); and Ernie boogies through "Rubber Duckie" in what might turn out to be a surprise hit single—if the Children's Television Workshop is into hit singles. Overall, the album's a cute idea, possibly entertaining for young children and a nice gag gift for your favorite victim of Saturday Night Fever.

Older Muppet fans, though, will find the second compilation of material culled from their frequently hilarious syndicated TV show infinitely more listenable. Included are

such editorials from Ze "Never Stills all of

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10CC o sophis British vincer got siquenc piano and G origina

such regular features as a Sam the Eagle editorial, an episode of "Pigs in Space," and a pretty amazing selection of songs, ranging from the standard "Who" (sung, of course, by Zelda and her Singing Owl) to Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind" and Stephen Stills' "For What It's Worth." Damned good, all of it.

T.E.

THE RESIDENTS

Meet the Residents; Third Reich N Roll; Fingerprince (*Ralph*)

Only weeks after I termed Wildman Fischer's new release "the weirdest record I ever heard," I have stumbled upon no less than three new contenders for the throne. All of them come from the Residents, the only act on the obscure Ralph Records.

The outfit's first and fourth LPs, *Meet the Residents* and *Fingerprince*, prove almost as dispensable as they are clever and unique. Containing headache-inducing, frequently discordant originals, they sound like what Edgard Varese and Frank Zappa might collectively produce after they'd had frontal lobotomies. Even less accessible is the group's second album, *Not Available*, mainly because it is and always has been just that.

Third Reich N Roll, however, cannot be so easily dismissed. Treating Sixties pop hits as if they were avant garde, the set attacks an allegedly fascist rock culture while affectionately massacring such familiar tunes as "Hey, Jude," "96 Tears," and "It's My Party." You could get a headache from this disc, too; but if you have strong memories of Sixties music as well as a sardonic sense of humor, you may die laughing first.

All are available from Bomp Records, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

Jeff Burger

THE SHIRTS (Capitol)

The Shirts is the first group from New York's punk palladium CBGB's to exhibit the sort of pop potential capable of capturing the vast middle audience for whom new wave is just another Excedrin headache. The six-member band accomplishes this by ignoring the maxim of minimalism, opting instead for a well-modulated amalgam of styles and nuances, resulting in a thoroughly listenable debut album.

This Brooklyn-based ensemble boasts an impressive asset in lead vocalist Annie Golden, who brings genuine interpretive skill to originals from Shirts writers Arthur LaMonica, Robert Racioppa, and Ronald Ardito. Quirkiness prevails, and to real advantage on these whimsical pop laments. Golden's voice harks back to such mid-Sixties memories as Cilla Black and Petula Clark, while all the sharp edges and 180° musical turns at which The Shirts excel give their album an intriguing depth. The methodical guitar progression, hand-clapping and shouts of the opening cut, "Reduced to Whisper," for example, are a perfect pop combination, with that rarest of all commodities, a memorable hook. By carefully measuring all their musical components, The Shirts have come up with a fine fit, and one they wear very well.

Davin Seay

10CC Bloody Tourists (Polydor)

10CC originally offered an eclectic brand of sophisticated pop laced with veddy, veddy British humor that rocked out quite convincingly as well. Half of the original quartet got sidetracked and suffered the consequences of trying to save the world with piano concertos and gizmos but Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman continued in the original vein, scored a hit single with "The

Things We Do for Love" and gradually assembled a permanent six-man edition of 10CC. *Bloody Tourists* is their first studio excursion and, like most travellers, they've forgotten a few things—namely to pack their rock and roll shoes (save for "Shock on the Tube") and to properly place their collective tongue in cheek (excepting "The Anonymous Alcoholic" and the album title and cover photo). Everything's played quite competently and produced quite glossily, mind you, but this is more like an AAA-approved group tour of safe and familiar tourist traps than the wild days and nights of swashbuckling romance and adventure you dream about.

Don Snowden

VARIOUS ARTISTS Spitballs (Beserkley)

Rather than release a traditional-style sampler album of various-label stars performing tunes from their own long-players, Bay area-based Beserkley has come up with this nutty and novel approach. Members of several of the label's acts—Earth Quake, the Modern Lovers, the Greg Kihn Band, the Rubinoos, and the Tyla Gang—are gathered in various permutations performing their own *Pin Ups*. As might be expected from the youthful garage style of the bands in real life, their roots are largely Sixties punk and English Invasion groups. Included are perfectly acceptable versions of relatively well-known tunes like Paul Revere and the Raiders' "Just Like Me," Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising," and the Who's "Boris the Spider," plus lesser-known songs deserving greater recognition including the Move's "Feel Too Good," Gino Washington's hilariously self-deprecating "Gino Is a Coward," and the Lafayettes' Revere-ish "Life's Too Short." In keeping with Beserkley's self-conscious peculiarity, nowhere are the performers on the album identified. But you shouldn't have too much trouble spotting Jonathan Richman's classically wimpy reading of "Chapel of Love."

T.E.

YES Tormato (Atlantic)

There has been for years a certain conspiracy of silence among Yes fans. To our friends (who are skeptical, musically naive, and usually trying desperately to think of an errand they have to run) we have discoursed for hours about the group's virtuosity, genius for melody and counterpoint, rhythmic sophistication—all fair enough, but all just slightly beside the unspoken point: that a Yes album, while remaining respectfully cerebral, provides an escape into a world of cosmic whacky-whacky that is greatly in demand by those of us who decided so reluctantly in high school that seventeen, for God's sake, was getting a little old to be reading Tolkien.

Alas. Not only is the music on *Tormato* ugly, boring, and insulting to the intelligence, but the old Yes mystique is gone as well. The band's attention to melodic coherency has disappeared, exposing a bare framework of trick rhythms stapled awkwardly to a parade of major triads which never goes anywhere. The lyric lines, which contain a lot of nonsense about UFO's and even politics, are crammed in whether they have the right number of syllables or not, thus completing the whole impression of musical goulash.

The band's playing is impeccable as always, and the sparse recording, with few overdubs, will please those who last year greeted *Going for the One* with scowls and sarcastic references to the *1812 Overture*. But for my money, Yes has finally sailed too close to the edge.

Scott Mitchell

"Joan Armatrading's music has that rare quality to reach into and express a range of emotions others don't often approach."

The Los Angeles Times heralded "her arrival as a major pop figure." *The New York Times* proclaimed "once a cult figure, Miss Armatrading's become a phenomenon." *Rolling Stone* said her last album was one of the most important of the year. And *The Philadelphia Inquirer* observed "a steady growth of passionate followers who found themselves hooked on the music." And with Joan Armatrading it is the music. Music with that rare quality to reach into and express a range of human emotions that others don't often approach. Music with a rhythmically compelling mystery that others don't often capture. Music that takes you "To The Limit."

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Who Wrote Beethoven's Fifth? *(A Semi-difficult Classical Music Quiz)*

BY ED CRAY

Having screwed up Jacoba Atlas' September literary quiz—the last book you read was *The Complete Doonesbury*—you are invited to redeem yourself with Ampersand's classical music quiz. Prepared by Ed Cray, our own self-styled musical expert, the quiz will strain your wits, credulity and patience—but then that's the way Cray is. The answers are upside-down at the end along with a grading scale.

1. Symphonies are frequently given popular names, sometimes by the composer. Score one point for each correct composer of the works below and one point for the proper number.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| (a) Eroica | (f) Spring |
| (b) Unfinished | (g) Jupiter |
| (c) Pathetique | (h) Hen |
| (d) Reformation | (i) Resurrection |
| (e) (From the) New World | (j) Inextinguishable |

2. Incidental music is written to be performed as background to the action of a stage play. Name the composer of the incidental music for:

- (a) *Midsummer Night's Dream* _____
(b) *Peer Gynt* _____
(c) *L'Arlesienne* _____
(d) *Egmont* _____
(e) *Gordian Knot* _____

3. While Anton Weber published just 31 compositions in his lifetime, barely enough to fill three long playing records, other composers have been awesomely prolific. (If you come within five while guessing, count it a correct answer.)

- (a) Hayden wrote _____ symphonies.
 - (b) J.S. Bach wrote more than _____ church cantatas.
 - (c) Mozart wrote _____ sonatas for violin and piano.
 - (d) Beethoven wrote _____ piano sonatas.
 - (e) Schubert wrote _____ art songs.
 - (f) Telemann wrote an estimated _____ suites for orchestra.
 - (g) Vivaldi wrote _____ operas.

4. Name three composers who have written operas on the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. For an extra two points each, come within 25 years of the first performance date.

5. Name the instrument most closely identified with the composer.

 - (a) Chopin _____
 - (b) Liszt _____
 - (c) Paganini _____
 - (d) Joplin _____
 - (e) Busoni _____

6. Richard Wagner wrote four operas loosely based on Scandinavian edda known collectively as "The Ring of the Nibelung." What are the operas, and in what order are they to be performed? (Score two for each correct answer and a bonus of two points if the order is correct.)

7. Who wrote:

 - (a) *Don Carlos* _____
 - (b) *Don Giovanni* _____
 - (c) *Don Juan* _____
 - (d) *Don Pasquale* _____
 - (e) *Don Quichotte* _____
 - (f) *Don Quixote* _____
 - (g) "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" _____

8. The following are medieval or Renaissance musical instruments. For three points each, are they members of the string, brass, woodwind or percussion families?

- (a) rebec _____ (d) shawm _____
(b) vielle _____ (e) crwth _____
(c) serpent _____ (f) rackett _____

9. A number of classical composers have scored Hollywood movies. Match the film score with the composer.

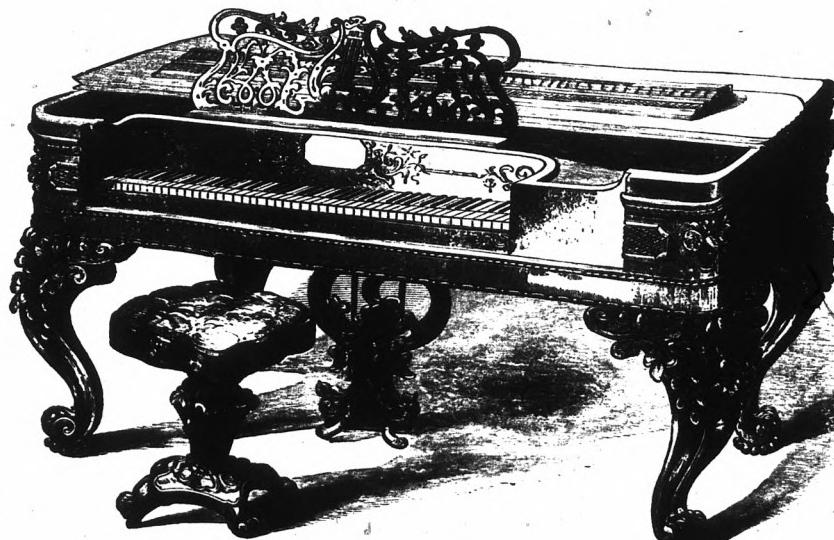
- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|
| (a) Aaron Copland | <i>Slaughterhouse Five</i> |
| (b) Erich Korngold | <i>Red Pony</i> |
| (c) Miklos Rozsa | <i>Ben Hur</i> |
| (d) J.S. Bach | <i>Psycho</i> |
| (e) Bernard Herrmann | <i>Elvira Madigan</i> |
| (f) William Walton | <i>Sea Hawk</i> |
| (g) W.A. Mozart | <i>Henry V</i> |

10. For two points each, what musical compositions employ:

11. For two points each, what musical compositions employ:
(a) an airplane engine _____
(b) artillery _____
(c) Hoover vacuum cleaner _____

Score

- 130-150 Maestro
 110-129 Virtuoso
 90-109 Concertmaster
 70-89 Back desk player
 50-69 Second fiddle
 30-49 Talented, needs seasoning
 0-30 Back to scales



"... (c) Dvorak's 5th (old number); (d) Beethoven's 5th; (e) Liszt's (c) Mendelssohn's Scherzo; (f) Brahms' 1st; (g) Schumann's 1st; (h) Haydn's No. 83; (i) Mahler's 2nd; (j) Nielsen's 4th. 2. (a) Dvorak's 5th (old number); (b) Schubert's (c) Beethoven's 5th; (d) Mendelssohn's Scherzo; (e) Brahms' 1st; (f) Haydn's No. 45 (new); (g) Mozart's 41st; (h) Dvorak's 5th (old number); (i) Mendelssohn's Scherzo; (j) Brahms' 1st. 3. (a) Dvorak's 5th; (b) Nielsen's 4th; (c) Beethoven's 5th; (d) Mendelssohn's Scherzo; (e) Brahms' 1st; (f) Haydn's No. 83; (g) Mozart's 41st; (h) Dvorak's 5th (old number); (i) Mendelssohn's Scherzo; (j) Brahms' 1st. 4. (a) Elgar's "Cantata-Gem." (b) Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1"; (c) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (d) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (e) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (f) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (g) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (h) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (i) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (j) Elgar's "Nimrod". 5. All are piano but Paganini's Violin. 6. Dvorak's "Rusalka," famous "Cain-Gem." 5. All are piano but Paganini's Violin. 7. (a) Vivaldi's "Four Seasons"; (b) Mozart's "Richard Strauss"; (c) Richard Strauss; (d) Duke Ellington's "Mood Swings"; (e) Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring"; (f) Woodwind; (g) Rossini's "Barbiere"; (h) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (i) Massenet's "Werther"; (j) Rachmaninoff's "Golddust." 8. (a) Duke Ellington's "Duke Ellington"; (b) Richard Strauss; (c) Richard Strauss; (d) Duke Ellington; (e) Stravinsky; (f) Woodwind; (g) Brahms' "Barbiere"; (h) Massenet's "Werther"; (i) Rachmaninoff's "Golddust"; (j) Vivaldi's "Four Seasons." 9. (a) Elgar's "Nimrod"; (b) Mendelssohn's "Ode to Joy"; (c) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (d) Beethoven's "Ode to Joy"; (e) Brahms' "Nimrod"; (f) Mendelssohn's "Ode to Joy"; (g) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (h) Mendelssohn's "Ode to Joy"; (i) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (j) Mendelssohn's "Ode to Joy". 10. (a) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (b) Mendelssohn's "Nimrod"; (c) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (d) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (e) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (f) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (g) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (h) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (i) Brahms' "Schicksal"; (j) Brahms' "Schicksal".

ANSWERS

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